

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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52, Gower Street.

LADY EVELYN CAVENDISH AND CHILDREN



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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. . OVER! . .

THERE are those who hold that a visit from an Australian Eleven, the only visiting side that seriously tests our full strength, is necessary to make a perfect season, with its full complement of excitement; but to many—we ourselves are of that many—"the trivial round, the common task" of our ordinary county cricket, supplemented with the regular first-class programme, makes an ample dish, satisfying without cloying. But all will admit that the season which is now waning has provided a liberal diet to suit all palates; seldom indeed have so many records gone by the board. Two men have made three figures on eleven occasions; the previous record stood at ten. One man has passed 200 on five occasions; the previous record was three. The champion county played the full quota of twenty-eight matches with never a defeat, or even a semblance of one; under the present conditions of the county championship this is undoubtedly a record, though there are somewhat similar precedents. Our climate itself has tried to do something pre-eminent, and its feats may be

roughly summed up by saying that it has been so thoroughly British as to provide us with bitter cold, blistering heat, and drenching rain in three successive spells, with very little "mixed weather" to fill up the chinks. There has been some abnormal scoring by individuals, notably by Ranjitsinhji and Fry of Sussex, and Hayward and Abel of Surrey; but while the South holds the batting honours, to the North goes the blue ribbon for bowling, to Rhodes and Haigh of Yorkshire, and to Mold, Webb, Briggs, and Cuttell of Lancashire. As, however, Yorkshire is the champion county, with Lancashire a really good second, the moral as to the relative values of good batting and good bowling is readily deducible.

It would be a pleasant task to have ample space at one's command, and to dwell at some length on the various counties, clubs, and cricketers who have engaged in our great game; to dilate on the wonderful performances of the undergraduates who played at Lord's; to record the Titanic efforts of the professional players, which enabled them to make 502 runs in the fourth innings of their match with the amateurs, and thereby win a stirring and sterling victory; or to discuss the now frequent performance of making two scores of 100 in one match. Such detail is, however, impossible; but as cricket is progressive, it is not uninteresting to observe in what direction progress has been made, and in what shape reform, if any, is required. A good suggestion was made in a contemporary the other day, viz., that the feats of the wicket-keeper should be recorded weekly with those of the batsman and bowler. One evening paper certainly does so, and it might be well if the good example were universally followed; but it must, of course, be remembered that such a record does not necessarily prove the relative merits of the rival wicket-keepers, as some have many more opportunities than others. Thus, a man who "keeps" for a side that depends largely on its slow bowlers naturally runs up a larger total, especially in "stumps," than if he had mainly fast bowling to take. Such was the case in the days of Pooley and Southerton, when Pooley's average of wickets per match must have been really extraordinary, and may account for his predilection for slow bowling. At any rate, Grace records that in answer to the question, "What do you think of the ground to-day, Pooley?" the reply invariably was, "Just the kind of wicket for slow bowling, sir." There is no doubt that all wicket-keepers prefer slow bowling to fast, and the reason is obvious. Now, however, when it is fashionable, and most useful, to stand deep to fast bowling, catching behind the wicket, not at the wicket, is very productive, and to this we may attribute the large number of catches piled up by Huish of Kent, who last year had nearly eighty victims in county matches—a truly remarkable proof of his skill in that position, though he is smart enough in the regular and orthodox place. As a "short stop" he is probably the best man ever seen, though as a wicket-keeper pure and simple he is by no means in the highest rank of all. It is because of this variation of position that a record of catches made by the wicket-keeper—or "short stop"—is a little misleading; but it is a step in the laudable direction of doing something to encourage the plucky and patient fieldsman, whatever his position. It is, of course, impossible—at any rate it appears impossible—to find a place for fieldsmen in the list of averages, but Yorkshire, inspired no doubt by Lord Hawke, is doing its best to encourage good catching and fielding by awarding marks in lieu of talent-money as at present given.

Of new men not many have come to the front, though the men of Kent are fortunate in having found so good a bowler as Blythe. R. E. Foster, the Oxford captain, long known as a valuable batsman, has now proved himself, notwithstanding a slight decadence as the season wore on, to be a cricketer of really superlative merit. In his brother Oxonian, Martyn, many foresee the Lockyer or Pilling of this century, while of the still younger generation we may mention the name of the Rugby captain, E. W. Dillon, as giving almost exceptional promise, a schoolboy already inured to big cricket and its requirements. Apart from these names we do not think that a new star has arisen, yet those who scan lists will recognise that the old constellations are as brilliant as ever. Jessop has delighted us all with his extraordinary powers of hitting and scoring, the more remarkable as he is not to the eye a man of especial physique. Ranjitsinhji has charmed us with the versatility of his powers, and the Yorkshireman, Rhodes, has proved that we can still show a worthy successor to Peate and Peel. Nor must we omit a reference to the fact that Trott, Australian by birth but English by cricket, has rivalled his feat of last year by scoring over 1,000 runs and relegating 200 batsmen and more to the seclusion of the pavilion. The reforms that are to come are as yet not very apparent. General opinion trends in the direction of saying that the perfect pitches of the day give the batsman an unfair advantage over the bowler; the batsman retorts that the advantage which accrues to his arms is compensated by the enormous pre-eminence which rain or sunshine gives under certain conditions to the bowler, and pleads that any legislation must only be operative when grounds are in a perfect and lawn-like state. The reformer who can produce an adequate suggestion,

fair batsmen and bowlers alike, has not yet come forward. If a slightly longer period of time could be devoted to play, or could absolutely perfect punctuality be observed, which is hardly practicable, something at least might be done to reduce the serious preponderance of drawn matches; but of the many suggestions that have at various times and places been made none seem fairly feasible, for the grand fact still remains, and will remain, that in a pursuit which is to a considerable extent regulated by the weather, and to which only a limited amount of time can be devoted, the cyclone or anti-cyclone is more potent than all the laws of the M.C.C. Cricketers will look back on 1900 as a year in which much that was notable was effected, and in which the game was played more widely than ever, and in a hearty give-and-take spirit. We may fitly conclude in the words of the famous and veteran umpire, Robert Thoms, "The ball is over, gentlemen."



A THOUGHTFUL Italian giving a description of the life of Satan makes the Devil pray for Peace. War, the Prince of Darkness complained, brings out the good qualities of mankind. Selfishness, faction, dishonesty, and the petty weaknesses of the world flourish in peace, and are killed off like noxious germs in the purifying fires of war. At the present moment there is, without doubt, a curious waiting calm diffused over the social atmosphere, as we watch the final struggles of the war. Great personal sacrifices have been made by all classes. The Devil's reasoning is borne out by a general dwindling of points of difference, and recognition of agreements by many classes and people whose relations were, to say the least, rather strained before. And when the war has given its last kick, companions in arms who volunteered in thousands to fight will be pouring back full of the discovery of what excellent fellows there are in all classes of their countrymen.

Guerilla war is always lingering. The fighting may drag on for months, in particular regions separated by long tracts of mountain and veldt from the towns. Sir W. Napier, who saw this kind of fighting carried on with desperate ferocity in the Peninsula, made some sensible remarks on it worth recalling. The Spanish guerrillas, by intercepting communications of every kind, especially despatches, withdrew from the French strength the equivalent of 30,000 men. But if the English armies had not been renewed like the hydra's head the French would have crushed them, taking their time, with certainty and completeness. Their greatest achievements were more remarkable than anything De Wet has done. They actually captured the strongest fortress in Catalonia by surprise, and stood a three months' siege there, within no great distance of the French frontier on the Pyrenees. But all the time, like the Boers, they brought ever-increasing misery on their fellow-countrymen and non-combatants. In Aragon the people organised, under the French, police corps to fight the guerrillas.

The grass on the veldt is sprouting and looking green. That is good, of course, as far as it goes, but we fear it does not mean that everything in the veldt is lovely, for if the grass is green the rain has fallen, and mobility must be a harder matter than ever at a moment when it is perhaps more than ever needed, in order to end the career of these Will-o'-the-wisps, De Wet and Theron, that seem so ubiquitous. Progress of course is being made, and, considering the extent of the country, not slowly; but the country favours guerilla war, and the position of the Boers who abide on their farms, between the sjambok of their compatriots and Lord Roberts's proclamation—between the devil and the deep sea—can be neither pleasant nor healthy. To such conditions has the late President of the late Republic brought his people.

Meanwhile, has not the position of the delegates from that country which has ceased to have a being something in

it that gives a little comic relief to the situation? They are in Europe, presumably to ask a friend to help them in the maintenance of an independence that has already gone. It looks as if their occupation were taken from them as surely as it is likely to be taken soon from some of those members of Parliament who have entered into such a pleasant correspondence with certain figures in the Government of the now defunct Republic. Time was when the Continental Press was full of the very dreadful things that would happen if Great Britain attempted to wrest their independence from the South African Republics. But that independence is "wrested," and neither mankind nor the British Empire is staggered yet. Is it that when we are in earnest we can do what we like, while in that about which we are of two minds foreign alarms can influence us?

The fitting together of the Chinese puzzle becomes none the easier as a consequence of the proposed abstraction of the large piece represented by Russia. To a plain view the result of the proposal seems as if it would be the restoration of a state of affairs that has cost much loss of life and money and heroic fortitude to undo, but it would be a gross insult to Russian diplomacy to suppose that the simple view is the correct one, that her Ministers have such faith in Li Hung Chang and Chinese representatives generally as to believe that the withdrawal of the foreign troops would enable a respectable government to be set up. Russian diplomacy is simple as to its ends, but its means have always been tortuous. Its ends are territorial expansion towards the sea. Disclaiming all intention of exercising rights of proprietors in Manchuria, Russia demands the right of keeping sufficient troops there to guard the railway—a number that is indefinite, but may more than probably mean sufficient to keep that entire region in subjection. Meanwhile to pose as the friend of China seems the more desirable, since every disturbance in the Far East demonstrates with more and more clearness the martial abilities of the Japanese.

Save for the action of Russia, the rest of the solvers of that great Chinese puzzle are working with a harmony that is truly remarkable, evincing a jealous anxiety to remain on the best of mutual terms, that should receive not a little help from the very generous appreciation of each others services noted in the despatches from the commanders of the different contingents. But all speak in terms of exceptional praise of the dash and courage of the Japanese, of their equipment and superior mobility. The truth is that while all the Powers have sufficient cause for alarm in the rabid anti-foreign outbreak, Russia has her own special reasons for dismay. It has upset her quiet work of pushing forward her frontier, consolidating her control as she goes, and, moreover, has put the seal on the discovery revealed by the Korean War that when she arrives, as she eventually will, at a seaport, with continuous territory of her own reaching down to it on the eastern Chinese shore, she will find in the Japanese a possible enemy in the gate with a quiver full of the most efficient arrows, or their modern equivalent. A little show of temper under the circumstances is only what was naturally to be expected of her. No doubt it is temper with a motive, but it is very like the natural human thing called temper, none the less.

Speculation about the date of the General Election has become very rife during the last few weeks, and some newspapers have gone the length of intimating that the dissolution is to take place on October 10th. It is well known, however, that some of the Ministers wish to defer it till next spring. The average citizen who does not happen to be a strong partisan may or may not have an opinion as to what is the correct time for Her Majesty's Ministers to choose, but he very sincerely wishes if were all past and done with. A General Election may be described as about the greatest nuisance ever invented to throw the wheels of business out of gear and dislocate trade. We look forward to a period of refreshing humdrum as soon as it, the election of an American President, and the Boer War have all floated away into the past.

Without venturing to appear among the prophets, we may be allowed to point out one little fact that appears to have been overlooked, viz., that before a General Election can take place, the Government is bound to insert a notice in the *Gazette* at least forty days previously. It has not yet appeared, and therefore we may dismiss October 10th as a mythical date. No surprise need be felt if the event is put off till January, and there are some Ministerialists who advocate June. But if any decision has been arrived at, it has not yet got beyond the inner circle of the Cabinet.

From an Arcadian standpoint it does not promise to be a supremely interesting fight. But as a matter of fact there is very little likelihood of anything being discussed except the war. When Imperialism and Little Englandism come to grips, those who have only a few useful reforms to suggest must be content to stand aside. If that were not so country matters would

imperatively demand attention. In addition to a number of smaller recruits we notice with pleasure that the *Times* has joined the *Morning Post* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* in demanding that the decay of the rural population should be attended to. This is a matter in which all political parties ought to be equally interested, and we trust that rural electors will see that no candidate, be he Whig or Tory, is allowed to pass it in silence. No one is qualified to be a county member unless he has some sort of view on this question.

Courage, or indifference, or a firm belief in modern sanitation, prevented anything like a panic on the notification of the presence of plague in Glasgow. Two and a-half centuries ago everyone would have been making his will. But we trust that the matter will be taken seriously, even if indifference is called pluck, and precaution fussiness. It was a ship containing not many more plague cases that killed off the people of Norway, and there is something peculiarly favourable to the spread of a rapid and contagious disease in Glasgow.

It is one of the few cities where the poor live in great flats. Overcrowding in houses is bad; but the inmates know what is going on in their neighbours' quarters and can notify cases. In these poor men's flats the people are isolated often in single rooms. They do not know each other, or notice who goes up or does not go up the common staircases. Hence fatal plague cases may lie undiscovered for days in these poor chambers. It has always been held that these flats cause a low standard of health among the children, who cannot play about as they do in courts and alleys. In addition, it is a great year for rats, and rats are plague carriers of the worst kind.

Hardly one county sends in a good record from the partridge manors. Perhaps next year a few of our readers might send in for the benefit of others a record of rain and temperature from June 10th to July 10th, for it is that which mainly controls the life of the broods. Correspondents who formerly sent good forecasts write to say that they were much mistaken, and that our view as to the general bad effect of the rains of the last fortnight of June, coupled with the low temperature, are borne out by results. In East Suffolk, on the heavier lands, the failure has been such as has not been known for years. Many farms have scarcely a single covey of young birds. Several large owners do not propose to shoot. We hear that near Eye, generally a good partridge country, a keeper on one beat picked up a "basketful," whatever that may mean, of young birds. If these heavy lands, with their depleted stock, are much shot, the head of birds may not recover for four or five seasons.

The nets on the Tweed have been taking a very "nice class of fish," as the native netsman puts it, all through most of the past netting season, the fish running a fair average size. The Tay, on the other hand, where the fish are generally larger, has not done so well, and the early rod-fishing, though the condition of the water seemed favourable, has been very disappointing. And this unfortunate condition is shared by many another river in Scotland. Fish are unaccountably few and shy of taking, and from every river comes the same song of lamentation over the number that have been hooked and lost. This is all of a piece with their shyness of taking, implying that they are rising, when they do rise, short to the fly. But it will be an excellent change for the better if the Tweed should fish well again, after so many years in which the rod-fishing has been below its proper mark.

A correspondent writes: "With reference to your recent leading article on the decrease of the salmon and the suggestion to close the autumn net-fishing a week or two earlier, I may say that I have lately been fishing on the Tay, and find there your opinion, as expressed in your article, coincides exactly with that of every fisherman, netsman, or angler, with whom I have spoken, and I have taken the opportunity to question all who had any capacity for giving a useful answer—all who had experience. I do not speak of men attending the rod-fishers, as their boatmen, only, for they might be suspected of speaking with prejudice, but men engaged on the up-river netting more especially, and who did not come on as gillies later. One, a man of great experience, and manager of one of the chief up-river netting places, told me that in his opinion the only thing to save the salmon in the Tay and bring back the fishing to its condition previous to the shifting of the close of netting from August 20th to the 26th, would be to take off the tidal nets a week or fortnight earlier than at present, and take off up-river nets on August 1st. As it is the up-river nets catch fish that come up in the Sunday close time, and few indeed ever get up to the proper spawning reaches at all. We do not kill pheasants and partridges when they are breeding. Why should we kill salmon at this time?"

The herring fishing, that great industry of the East of Scotland, has been, and continues, good; and this means a deal not only to the East Coast people but to the inlanders and even

to the islesmen of Skye and the Hebrides, for even thence do they go to the East Coast fishing and depend on it for a big share of their sustenance. There is a deal of disease in the potato crop in the northern counties this year, which makes it the more valuable that their second chief source of livelihood should be plentiful. The men engaged on the herring fishing are paid largely by a percentage on takes, so it is important to them as to the big owners of fishing boats that the catches should be good. The catches seem to have been bigger the farther north the fleet went; into Lerwick extraordinary catches were brought, and the Peterhead boats, too, have done well. Whales have been plentiful in the Shetlands, and one was even towed in by an enterprising trawler to Scarborough harbour, where it was kept hovering awhile between land and water, the sanitary authorities wisely forbidding its landing, for it was dead, very dead, long dead.

This year has been a more than normally good one for the fruits of the earth, such as the Kentish cherry, the cider apples of Herefordshire and Devon, and the like, but there is no doubt that if the quality of the fruit-bearing trees is to be generally maintained in England we shall have to see some drastic improvement, some more fore-seeing policy, in the ways and means of our smaller farmer. In Kent, near the great centre of civilisation, they are perhaps fairly instructed, and even in Herefordshire some little intelligence and foresight is shown; but in the remote and charming land of Devon intelligent care of the orchards is very exceptional indeed. We have to think that our forefathers were wiser than we. Most of the orchards are stocked with old trees past the age of bearing, or soon to come to that sterile epoch, and not a care or a thought is given to replacing them, not a youngling is to be seen. That is the rule. Exceptions, no doubt, there are, but to stir up the majority of the farmers to a sense of their proper interests we need a veritable crusade or missionary enterprise in the West Country.

Another competitor from America is announced in the English meat market. A small cargo of six bullocks and ten sheep, preserved by the use of sterilised air, kept at a temperature of 20deg. above freezing point, arrived in the Southern Cross, s.s., at Liverpool. It is said that the meat had all the freshness and sweetness of unfrozen and unchilled English meat. This is quite likely. But the danger of such a process is that if a very small quantity of ordinary air got access to the cargo the whole would be destroyed. Cold, though it injures the flavour, is a more manageable antiseptic.

We are by way of considering the polo that we see at Hurlingham and so on rather an exciting game, but it can be as nothing in comparison with the excitement attending polo "as she is played" in some of the Cashmir villages—Leh, for instance, in Ladakh. There the polo ground is the village street, the players are eight a side, natives on their scraggy native ponies. The rules are of a beautiful simplicity, there is no rule against "crossing," and it is done on all and every occasion. The ball, of course, goes everywhere—into houses, irrigation streams and so on, but no one minds. When the ball is hit through the goal one of the hitting side has to jump off and pick it up before one of the other side can strike it, otherwise the goal does not count. After a goal is made, the game is re-started by one of the side against whom it was scored taking the ball down the middle of the street, throwing it up in the air and striking it as far as he can as it descends. It must be apparent that our British polo is a tame and "footy" pursuit compared with this polo down the village street.

The manner in which English newspapers report chess has always appeared to us very odd. When a tournament occurs abroad among players whose very names are to the vast majority of English readers as unknown as they are unpronounceable, they send out special correspondents and publish Reuter's messages and allot the games an important place. But it is safe to say that ten times as much real interest is excited by such a contest as that which opened with September, at Bath. The very cream of the amateur talent of England was engaged—players famed in their universities, known in London clubs, figures in the provincial towns. Yet for all the attention they receive they had better been Russian Poles with names ending in "owski." It is a curious result of this kind of English journalism being mostly in the hands of foreigners of Hebrew blood.

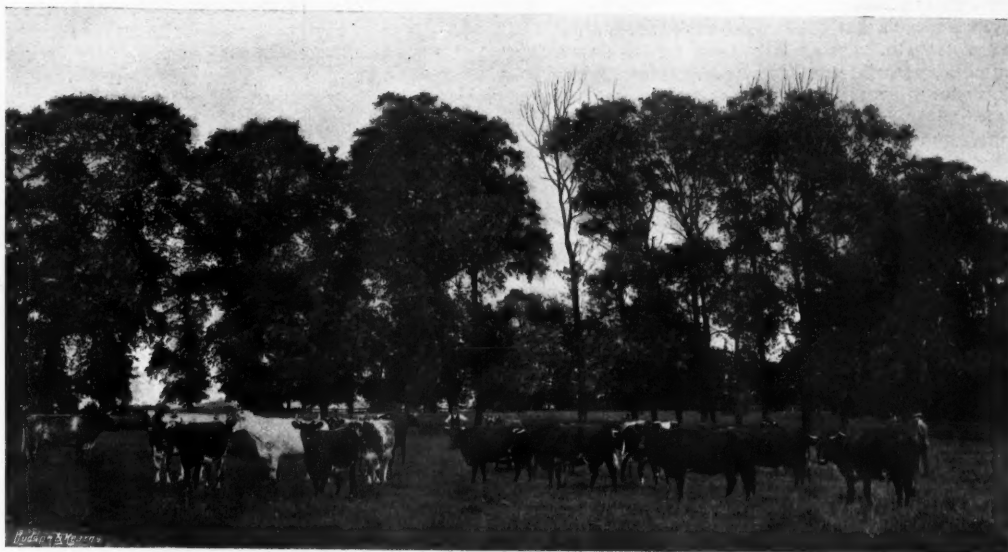
The establishment of a Veterinary College in Ireland is not only a necessity but a right, when it is considered what an enormous industry the livestock trade of that country is. The need of having experienced practitioners to minister to the many ills that horse and cattle flesh is heir to is patent, and it was ridiculous that young men wishing to take up the profession of veterinary surgeons were obliged to come across Channel to study when they had such a fine field at home. In the past twenty years the number of horses exported from Ireland to Great Britain was over 640,000, and taking them at an average

of £25 each, this would mean a sum of considerably more than £16,000,000. Large as this sum is, it is nothing compared to the immense trade done in cattle, sheep, and pigs. Ireland has been

very fortunate in keeping a good clean bill of health, but it is easy to understand what a national calamity it would be if an epidemic broke out which might close our ports against Irish stock.

LORD ROTHSCHILD'S ESTATE AT TRING

THE leading feature of Lord Rothschild's shorthorns is that they are a pedigree herd, in which dairy points are a first consideration. The breed was so long regarded chiefly from a butcher's point of view, that only recently have practical dairymen come to recognise the importance of retaining its milking value. It has been demonstrated at Tring that the shorthorn is one of the best for their purpose. Taking the whole herd, the average production last year was close upon 700 gallons per cow, and it is doubtful if so high a standard has ever before been reached in the case of pedigree shorthorns. Yet Mr. Carr is of opinion that even this high standard might be raised by anyone who kept an ordinary herd of dairy cattle, irrespective of breed, appearance, or smartness. In order to get the best out of them, however, it would



T. Fall.

THE SHORTHORN HERD.

Copyright



T. Fall.

FOUR PRIZE SHORTHORNS.

Copyright

be necessary to institute a better system of book-keeping than is generally carried out. Comparatively few dairymen are able to tell exactly what each cow produces and its cost in food and labour. Many are content with a rough guess at what a cow costs to keep on the one hand, and what return she makes on the other. At Tring, very great care is bestowed on this branch of the subject. The weight and measure of each cow's milk are taken daily on a Sandringham dairy herd recorder, and once a week a balance is struck between the amounts thus recorded and the actual milk sold. In this way the performance of each cow can be seen at a glance.

THE SHORTHORN HERD is kept at Longmarston Farm, about four or five miles from Tring, on land suitable to the breed. From their enormous milk yield it might be expected that the cows would be in poor condition, mere skin and

bone, as is too often the way with dairy cows. It was a pleasant surprise to find that the exact opposite was the case, and that even the heaviest milkers did not betray by anything in their appearance that they had been subject to undue strain. The photographs will show that they do not lack flesh, and seem almost in too good condition for a dairy herd, the general purpose character of the breed being very noticeable. It should be pointed out, however, that the prize record is not so long as it might have been, from the fact that they have never been shown except where dairy points are fully recognised. Some of Lord Rothschild's best-known shorthorn cows are not in the picture. That famous prize-winner and grand milker Wild Queen II. had newly calved. Notwithstanding her advanced years, she was first in the Herts Show last year, and second in the Counties, positions not often taken by a cow



T. Fall.

TWO YEAR OLD BULLS.

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in her thirteenth year. Lady Somerset Waterloo II., who took first prize for milking at last year's Dairy Show, has been sold to go to South Africa.

In the group of four cows, each is a remarkable animal. Princess II. took a first prize at the Royal Counties Show this year in the dairy class open to all breeds, and last year gave 9,033lb. of milk. She was producing 35 gallons a week in July, having calved in March. Princess Rose at the same date was giving 33 gallons a week. She took second prize in the dairy shorthorn class at the Royal Counties Show. Moppy Gem II. gave 9,194lb. of milk last year, and is now yielding 37 gallons a week. Darlington Cranford III. is a young cow. She gave 7,863lb. of milk last year, previous to having her third calf, and 36 gallons weekly afterwards. She took second at the Bath and West.

The pair of TWO YEAR OLD BULLS are very interesting. Magna Charta is a son of Moppy Gem, and looks a most promising bull for getting either dairy or beef offspring. Salisbury is a son of Lady Somerset Waterloo II.

We append the milk record, for the benefit of dairy farmers.

TRING MILKING RECORD FOR YEAR ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1899. SHORTHORN HERD.

COWS THAT HAVE BEEN IN THE HERD ALL THE YEAR.

Names of Cows.	Date of birth.	Calved.	Calf	Total yield in lb.	Days in milk.	Average per day in lb.	Days dry.
Butterfly 7th ...	April 2, 1890	Apr. 17, 1899	7	9,617	257	37'42	114
Harrington Duchess 20th	Nov. 23, 1890	Aug. 2, 1899	7	6,725	300	22'41	71
Cambridge Daisy ...	Mar. 13, 1887	Nov. 27, 1898	10	8,065	306	26'35	65
Daisy Ranby Wedlock 8th ...	Feb. 10, 1895	Aug. 26, 1899	3	5,180	269	19'35	102
Darlington Cranford 3rd	April 25, 1895	May 10, 1899	2	7,863	321	24'49	50
Grace ...	Feb. 12, 1896	Aug. 2, 1899	2	5,760	317	18'17	54
Graceful Isabel ...	Feb. 15, 1894	April 30, 1899	3	5,496	305	18'01	66
Hindlip Rose ...	Mar. 27, 1890	Dec. 18, 1898	6	10,623	286	37'14	85
Isabella Modesty ...	Feb. 14, 1887	June 12, 1899	9	3,853	165	23'35	206
Lady Waterloo ...	Dec. 7, 1895	Aug. 16, 1898	1	4,164	361	11'53	13
Lady Somerset Waterloo 2nd ...	Mar. 20, 1892	Sept. 18, 1899	6	7,284	275	26'43	96
Lady Somerset Waterloo 6th ...	April 30, 1894	Dec. 23, 1898	3	6,688	371	20'72	—
Modest Isabel ...	Feb. 24, 1893	Jan. 31, 1899	4	5,755	241	23'87	130
Norah 8th ...	Jan. 28, 1892	Sept. 11, 1899	6	8,405	323	26'02	48
Norah 14th ...	Jan. 30, 1895	Oct. 6, 1898	2	5,704	311	18'34	60
Reverend 4th ...	June 2, 1894	Nov. 24, 1898	2	9,001	292	30'82	79
Viscountess Jersey 7th	April 28, 1893	Nov. 10, 1898	3	11,605	322	36'04	49
Wild Queen 2nd ...	Sept. 7, 1888	April 9, 1899	9	11,719	287	40'83	84
Wild Queen 5th ...	May 5, 1893	Feb. 20, 1899	4	7,707	297	25'94	74
Wild Queen 6th ...	March 25, 1894	Jan. 8, 1899	3	6,262	280	22'36	91
Wild Queen 9th ...	April 2, 1896	Sept. 20, 1898	1	6,860	339	20'23	32

Twenty-one cows gave a total of 155,336lb.; average of each cow 7,396lb.

COWS BOUGHT AND HEIFERS THAT HAVE COME INTO MILK DURING THE YEAR.

Names of Cows.	Date of birth.	Calved.	Calf	Total yield in lb.	Days in milk.	Average per day in lb.	Days dry.
*Moppy Gem 2nd ...	Oct. 14, 1890	April 13, 1899	¶	9,194	292	31'48	65
*Princess 2nd ...	Dec. 23, 1890	Mar. 4, 1899	5	9,033	296	30'51	61
*Ingram's Beauty ...	April 15, 1891	June 16, 1898	3	4,214	356	11'83	1
*Jubilee Queen ...	May 1, 1893	Aug. 15, 1899	3	4,205	241	17'44	116
Sunshade 2nd ...	Oct. 7, 1895	Oct. 21, 1898	1	6,699	343	19'53	—
Nonsuch ...	May 7, 1896	Oct. 21, 1898	1	5,242	343	15'28	—
†Lady Rosedale ...	April 5, 1892	Sept. 21, 1899	5	7,924	288	27'51	62
†Butterfly 17th ...	Mar. 9, 1896	Sept. 20, 1899	2	4,191	296	14'15	36
†Butterfly 16th ...	Mar. 17, 1896	Nov. 5, 1898	1	4,785	317	15'09	11
Darlington Cranford 4th ...	Jan. 28, 1896	Dec. 9, 1898	1	6,697	294	22'77	—
Wilstone Honeydew ...	Jan. 3, 1897	Feb. 28, 1899	1	5,667	214	26'48	—
Wilstone Butterfly ...	Dec. 19, 1896	April 30, 1899	1	2,634	152	17'32	—
Isabel of Durham ...	Feb. 15, 1897	June 15, 1899	1	2,135	105	20'33	—
Wilstone Butterfly 2nd	Dec. 27, 1896	Aug. 24, 1899	1	750	35	21'42	—
†Iris Gordon ...	Feb. 20, 1897	Sept. 2, 1899	1	460	91	21'9	—
†Princess Rose ...	Mar. 21, 1892	Feb. 18, 1899	5	13	7	1'85	14
†Princess Iris ...	Feb. 25, 1895	Nov. 15, 1898	1	38	7	5'44	14
†Jubilee's Crown ...	June 2, 1895	July 6, 1899	1	671	21	31'95	—
†Princess ...	Nov. 7, 1895	Aug. 31, 1899	2	719	21	34'23	—
†Jenny Ingram 2nd ...	Oct. 6, 1896	Sept. 3, 1899	1	413	21	19'66	—

The twenty cows and heifers gave 75,684lb., an average of 3,784lb.
* Purchased October 7th, 1898. † Purchased October 15th, 1898.
‡ Came into milk with first calf October 24th, 1898. § Purchased September 8th, 1899.
¶ Uncertain.
Cwing to the record being made up weekly there are 53 weeks in the year.

The HERD OF RED-POLLS, shown in our illustration, looked very pretty among the hills and hollows of the park, with a wooded knoll rising behind and lending a sylvan beauty to the picture. With their shapely appearance, uniform colour, and gentle milky faces, they are the perfection of park cattle. Running among them were a number of emus that have been acclimatised and breed in the park, but the wild, restless things are no favourites of the photographer, and had to be driven out of range of his camera. It is the same with this herd as with the shorthorn-dairy points are a first consideration, and except where these are fully recognised the cows are not exhibited.

The milk record is an astonishing one, reaching, as it does, to an average of close upon 700 gallons for the thirty-seven cows that were in the herd all the year round. But the production of some of the individual cows is simply marvellous. Take Moth, for example. For four years her annual record was as follows:

1894, 11,213lb.; 1895, 9,743lb.; 1896, 10,210lb.; 1897, 13,468lb. An average yield of over 11,150lb. of milk every year, and maintained for four years, cannot often have been surpassed, if ever. As will be seen, however, from the annexed table, the average for thirty-four cows for the year was 7,033lb. These very satisfactory results are not obtained by any immoderate outlay in feeding, but on that matter we hope to say something on a future occasion. There is nothing of more importance to the dairy farmer than the art of combining economy in feeding with fitness of condition.

Among the cows are many that will be familiar to visitors to the dairy shows of the last few years—e.g., Ashlyn's Sybil, second for President's Cup in 1897, and first in inspection class; first also in milking class in 1898. And there are Fly, Faith, Froth, Flora IV., and Rosebush—all winners of distinction. In the herd as taken there were no fewer than fifteen cows who gave over 7,000lb. of milk last year. Faith gave 11,498lb.; Rosette, 12,654lb.; Rosebush, 9,919lb.; and Ashlyn's Sybil, 9,576lb. But the milking table presents a bird's-eye view of the whole herd in this respect.

TRING MILKING RECORD FOR YEAR ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1899. RED-POLLED HERD.

COWS THAT HAVE BEEN IN THE HERD ALL THE YEAR.

Names of Cows.	Date of birth.	Calved.	Calf	Total yield in lb.	Days in milk.	Average per day in lb.	Days dry.
Ashlyn's Sybil ...	April 15, 1890	Sept. 8, 1898	6	9,576	299	32'02	71
Ashlyn's Sybil 2nd ...	May 15, 1894	Aug. 16, 1898	3	5,528	301	18'36	70
Battersea 5th ...	Dec. 20, 1895	Jan. 4, 1899	2	7,293	289	25'23	82
Battersea Princess 4th ...	Jan. 16, 1891	April 15, 1899	6	7,836	249	31'55	122
Battersea Rendham ...	Oct. 23, 1895	Aug. 28, 1898	2	6,451	353	18'27	18
Belle ...	Oct. 3, 1895	Mar. 18, 1899	2	6,372	333	19'13	38
Bridesmaid 10th ...	Dec. 23, 1884	April 12, 1899	13	8,492	344	26'2	47
Butley Ruth 4th ...	Feb. 11, 1896	Sept. 10, 1899	2	5,224	340	15'36	31
Cheerful ...	Sept. 23, 1895	Jan. 10, 1899	2	6,051	306	16'53	5
Duchess 1st ...	Feb. 21, 1894	Sept. 12, 1898	3	4,961	322	15'4	49
Faith ...	Jan. 13, 1887	Aug. 23, 1898	¶	11,498	371	30'99	—
Faithful ...	Jan. 7, 1895	June 29, 1899	3	9,627	371	25'94	—
Fire Fly ...	Oct. 19, 1893	Sept. 24, 1899	5	3,796	243	17'02	148
Flora 4th ...	June 7, 1890	Aug. 27, 1899	6	4,782	272	17'58	97
Fly ...	Feb. 3, 1896	Sept. 17, 1899	2	6,411	308	20'81	63
Froth ...	Mar. 13, 1894	Aug. 18, 1899	4	3,605	198	18'2	173
Glossy ...	Mar. 3, 1892	Sept. 11, 1899	7	6,437	307	20'96	61
Handsome 35th ...	Feb. 7, 1895	Mar. 23, 1899	2	7,657	289	26'49	84
Jessamine 2nd ...	June 19, 1892	Aug. 26, 1899	7	5,543	363	15'26	8
Lady Bow ...	Dec. 25, 1892	Jan. 6, 1899	4	7,508	315	23'82	56
Lady Copley ...	Jan. 12, 1892	Aug. 19, 1899	5	2,925	224	13'05	147
Miss Betsy 2nd ...	Aug. 23, 1892	Sept. 24, 1898	5	8,326	371	22'08	—
Peaceful ...	Oct. 13, 1895	Nov. 3, 1898	2	7,321	355	20'62	16
Peach ...	Oct. 13, 1895	Dec. 11, 1898	2	7,225	371	19'47	—
Peach Girl ...	April 24, 1890	Feb. 4, 1899	7	8,614	340	25'33	31
Peony ...	April 22, 1896	Sept. 7, 1899	2	7,351	355	21'0	36
Pretty ...	Oct. 14, 1893	Jan. 6, 1899	4	8,331	353	23'4	18
Rosette ...	Dec. 28, 1890	Jan. 2, 1899	6	12,654	341	37'1	30
Rosebush ...	Feb. 25, 1895	April 14, 1899	3	9,919	371	26'73	—
Sweet Chestnut ...	Mar. 9, 1893	Jan. 26, 1899	3	7,356	247	29'78	124
Sweet Omelet 2nd ...	Aug. 1, 1894	July 14, 1898	3	7,832	371	21'11	—
Watercress ...	Feb. 22, 1894	July 27, 1899	4	5,470	247	22'14	194
Wild Rose ...	Mar. 12, 1894	July 13, 1899	3	7,377	359	21'07	41
Wiley ...	Dec. 20, 1890	April 28, 1898	4	3,575	329	10'86	41

Thirty-four cows yielded a total of 239,141lb., or an average of 7,033lb.

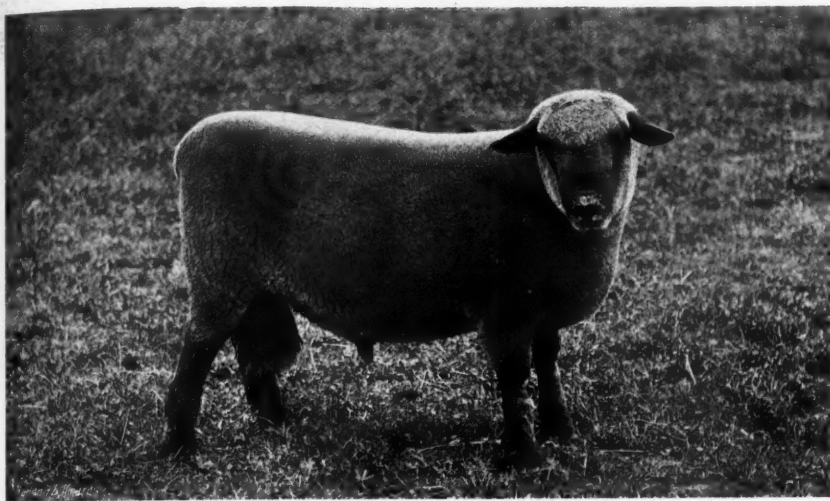
¶ Uncertain.

COWS BOUGHT AND HEIFERS THAT HAVE COME INTO MILK DURING THE YEAR.

Names of Cows.	Date of birth.	Calved.	Calf	Total yield in lb.	Days in milk.	Average per day in lb.	Days dry.
*Lady Lide 2nd ...	Jan. 17, 1896	Aug. 22, 1899	2	8,596	345	24'91	18
*Lady Sol ...	Jan. 10, 1892	Jan. 28, 1899	7	6,802	338	20'12	25
Comely ...	Sept. 12, 1896	Nov. 3, 1898	1	6,034	311	19'4	19
Troston Davy 3rd ...	Sept. 4, 1896	Nov. 6, 1898	1	7,623	327	23'31	—
†Betsy ...	Sept. 30, 1896	Aug. 29, 1899	2	6,312	309	11'68	—
Lowland Lassie ...	Sept. 24, 1896	Dec. 26, 1898	1	6,420	277	23'17	—
Keziah ...	Sept. 30, 1896	Jan. 19, 1899	1	4,462	253	17'63	—
Hastoe Briar Rose ...	Feb. 4, 1897	Mar. 29, 1899	1	3,358	185	18'15	—
Battersea Princess 5th	Nov. 7, 1896	April 9, 1899	1	3,916	173	22'6	—
Hastoe Gloss ...	Oct. 16, 1896	April 10, 1899	1	4,755	172	27'64	—
Cretingham Rose 2nd	Jan. 2, 1897	April 21, 1899	1	3,501	161	21'30	—
Hastoe Butterfly ...	Dec. 27, 1896	June 12, 1899	1	3,320	110	30'26	—
Hastoe Pretty ...	Jan. 23, 1897	Aug. 5, 1899	1	1,447	56	25'83	—
Hastoe Bridesmaid ...	Feb. 27, 1897	Aug. 12, 1899	1	993	49	18'42	—
Hastoe Fly ...	Jan. 12, 1897	Aug. 14, 1899	1	788	47	16'76	—
Sweet Omelet 3rd ...	June 19, 1897	Aug. 22, 1899	1	639	39	16'31	—
Comely Rose 2nd ...	April 22, 1897	Aug. 29, 1899	1	654	32	20'75	—
Hastoe Bridesmaid 2nd	Mar. 14, 1897	Sept. 12, 1899	1	216	18	12'0	—
Celia ...	Jan. 18, 1897	Sept. 26, 1899	1	52	4	13'0	—

Nineteen cows and heifers yielded a total of 67,217lb., or an average of 3,537lb.
* Purchased October 2nd, 1898. † Calved her first calf November 25th, 1898.
Cwing to the record being made up weekly there are 53 weeks in this year.

Although our principal object in visiting Tring was to picture and describe it as a great dairy farm, it was felt that to confine our attention to cows would give a quite inadequate idea of the establishment. Lord Rothschild sets an example that every tenant of a few hundred acres would do well to follow. No profitable branch of agriculture is disdained here. Mr. Richardson Carr pointed out that he felt that those engaged in agriculture were sometimes too disdainful of "the homely half-sovereign." The average man will work like a trooper if he sees £50 at the end of it, but for the sake of a few shillings he will not exert himself. That was all very well in the day of high prices and gigantic profits, when a man might practically rest assured that land would bring in an income without any great extra effort. Far otherwise is it now, when not a point of the game



T. Fall.

FLORIZEL.

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mention of it, especially as the handsome shearling, FLORIZEL—shown in our picture—carried off the first and championship at York. It adds to honours that have fallen thick and threefold upon Tring since 1895, when the gold medal was taken at Smithfield for the best pen of short-wooled classes. The succeeding year, however, may be said to have laid the foundation of a brilliant record. It included the Royal first for shearling ram and first for shearling ewe, first for ewes at Oxfordshire, and first for lambs at Birmingham, besides many other triumphs. A glance at the lambs, of which we present some pictures, make it plain that the flock is as flourishing as ever, and bids fair to hold its own, and more, in the future.

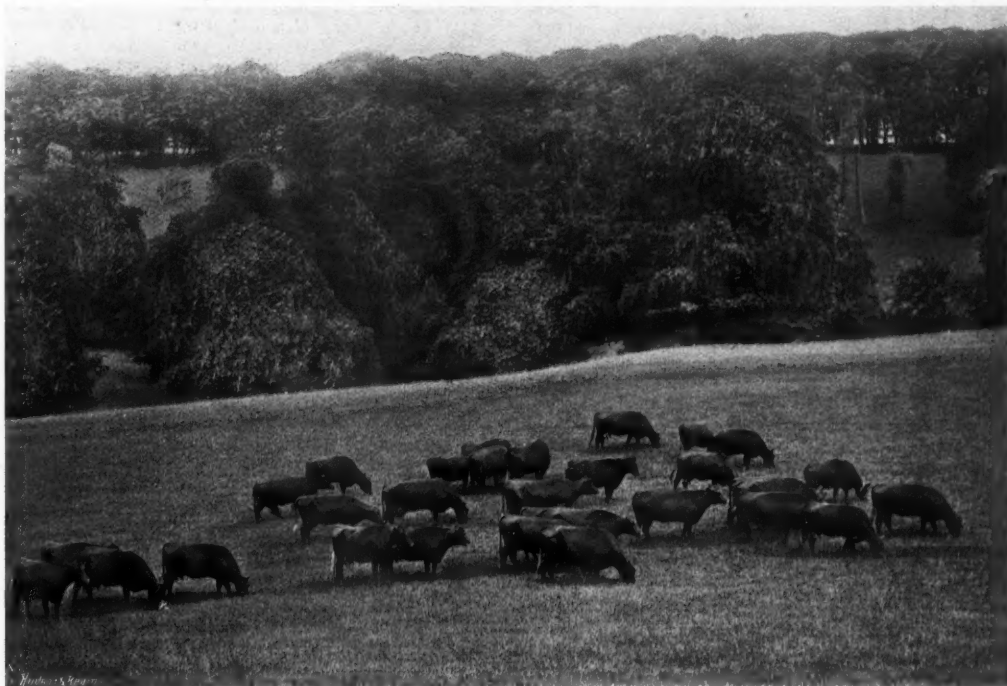
[The first article on Lord Rothschild's Estate appeared on July 21st.]

Agricultural Notes

At a place where we have been staying rat-hunting by night is a favourite amusement of the labourer. It originated in the owner of the land offering a penny a-piece for dead rats, but the farm lads take it up as much for fun as reward. They meet about eight o'clock at night, when the rat who finds the wheat and other large cover removed skulks about the hedgerows. One clever dog

can be given away. At Tring the value is understood of those smaller industries, to which too little attention has been given since grain dropped in price. For instance, but for the embarrassing wealth of material, the poultry arrangements would have been well deserving of illustration—the well-appointed incubating room, the foster mothers, and the coops with hens and chickens set out among the Jerseys in the pasture. There is an excellent fattening establishment for use later on. Mr. Richardson Carr is no believer in poultry-raising as a farmer's mainstay, but as a subsidiary pursuit he has found the profit realised quite worthy of the trouble entailed. It ought to be still more profitable in the hands of an ordinary tenant, since here the whole of the labour has to be entered and paid for, when it might be, in large measure, done by the farmer's household. All the attention required by chickens—at least, in the early period of their lives—could be given, in her spare time, by an intelligent girl of fourteen, who would probably look upon the work as a pastime. A little market gardening has also been attempted, with results that encourage its extension. Another interesting object of the estate is a fine nursery, in which are grown the trees needed for planting purposes.

Lord Rothschild's flock of Hampshire Downs is well known, and an account of the farm would be incomplete without some



T. Fall.

HERD OF RED-POLLS.

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has been taught to go in front, where he lies in wait like a gun waiting for beater. As the main party advances along the hedge master rat retires, only to fall into the jaws of this wily enemy. Sport varies in character, a promising cover not infrequently being drawn blank, but on one occasion sixty rats were killed between eight o'clock and twelve, and this we believe constitutes a record for the party. It is difficult to calculate how much damage sixty large brown rats are capable of doing to crops in the course of a season. Here their worst depredations are committed in the chicken coops.

During the past week the writer has been over a large estate in Cambridgeshire which may be regarded as typical of that county, and, as the harvest is all in, the character of the year is no longer a matter of guess and speculation but of fact. The soil is light, and cultivation arable, although on the few good pastures dairy cows are kept. Hay is reported to have been a very poor crop indeed, and the grain every bit as unsatisfactory. In fact, losses would have been serious indeed if these had been the only strings. What saved the situation in the case of our acquaintance was the satisfactory sheep sales. He has an excellent flock of Southdowns, and not only were fancy prices—numerous, mostly from farmers in Canada, South Africa, and the Argentine, but the average was high, showing how much alive farmers are to the advantage of improving their flocks by introducing pedigree rams. Breeding has been stimulated this year by the high price of meat, the comparative scarcity of sheep, and the abundance of winter keep. In these times, however, when the markets that have to be supplied are liable to fluctuation by a number of different causes it is almost suicidal for the farmer to put all his eggs in one basket.



T. Fall.

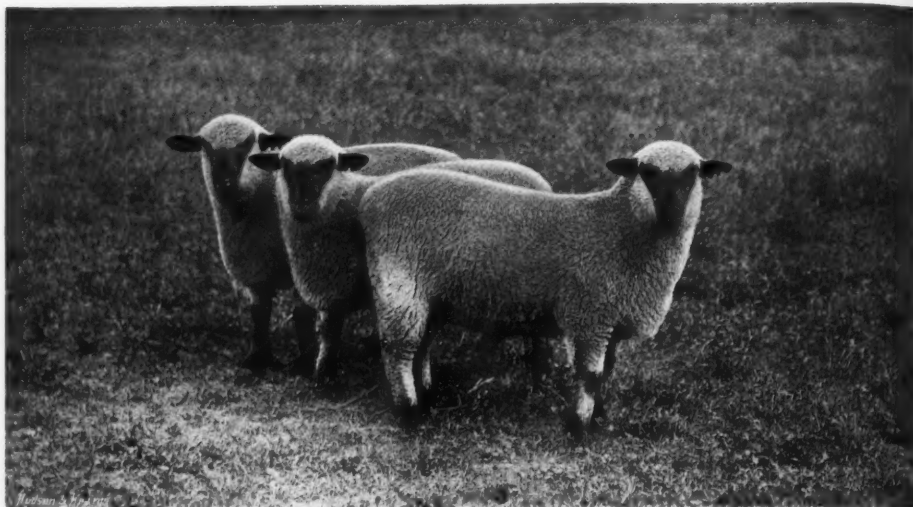
THREE EWE LAMBS.

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From further North comes less satisfactory news. After the Tyne is crossed the traveller from the South learns that September is really the harvest month, and weather in August has produced effects that are simply deplorable. Many of the crops in the South of Scotland were unusually heavy this year, and the owners of these have suffered most, since they are dreadfully laid by the drenching rains and high winds. At some of the little border towns quite a trade has been done in sickles, but as the number of harvesters is strictly limited the prospect is one of a long, dear, and unsatisfactory ingathering. No doubt to some extent the better prices obtained for stock will be a help over the difficulty, but the fear is but too well founded that the year is likely to be a crippling one.

Our correspondence columns and those of our contemporaries have shown so plainly of late how many people's eyes are turning to poultry-keeping as a rural industry, that no apology is needed for describing circumstances under which it is successful. This farmer's chief source of livelihood, and a very satisfactory one, is the production of milk. He is situated about seven miles from a provincial town, and he has got hold of three good milk runs. It is rather a long drive, but then he gets from 1s. to 1s. 4d. a gallon where a farmer sending to a town dairy would have to take 7d. or 8d. He found out a few years ago that it was a very easy matter to dispose of eggs and chickens among his milk customers, and he therefore set up a fowl run or two. At present he has about 900 chickens, of which a third are breeding hens. The fowls are not crammed but fatted naturally, and on an average bring him in about 2s. 6d. each. The breed hitherto in use is the Dorking, with Cornish game cockerels running among them. He considers egg selling the most lucrative part of the business.

He does not confine himself to chickens, however, but raises several broods of turkeys and geese, which yield an excellent return, one reason being that he lays out next to nothing on food. A certain part of his farm being arable there is enough tail corn to serve his purpose. This year he is confident of turning over a decent profit, although it has not been a favourable one for the feathered world, either wild or tame. Nevertheless, even in a bad year, it is certain that poultry managed in conjunction with other industries is capable of yielding a return that is worth looking after.



T. Fall.

RAM LAMBS AT TRING.

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Our Portrait Illustration.

LADY EVELYN EMILY MARY CAVENDISH, whose portrait, with those of her children, is shown as our frontispiece, is the wife of Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., who is heir-presumptive of the Duke of Devonshire. She is the daughter of the Marquess of Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War, and her mother was a daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn. The homes of Mr. Victor Cavendish and his wife are Holker Hall, Carnforth, and 37, Park Lane.

AMONGST THE TREES.

"PROBABLY arboreal," says Darwin, in his summing up of the evidence relating to the condition of our remote ancestry, and, though we have gone a long way since then, and have, partially at least, outgrown some of the characteristics so frankly described by the great man, to a large extent the arboreal instinct remains with us. In that forgotten age the trees yielded man his food and shelter; now he visits them for solace and for pleasure.

In a country such as ours, the scene of many centuries of cultivation, the woods do not generally occupy the plains or the beds of valleys, the plough naturally claiming those situations. The hilltops in the southern counties are often crowned by plantations, vanguards and outposts these of the great army of trees, and as such they have borne the brunt of many a fierce fight with the elements—the keen frost bites into their vitals in the quiet winter nights, the scantiness of their foliage and the shallowness of the soil allows the branding summer sun to scorch their roots, and harder than all is the battle with the winds, these, not content with the mechanical force of their wild onrush, charge their guns with the deadly salt spray which, in great storms, will fly inland for many miles. If it is your happiness to live at the foot of one of these tree-capped hills, you will often be a witness of the strife. As the dark autumn afternoon closes in, the gale surges up from the south-west, and you will see the scanty remnants of the leaves whirled away; and the home-flying rooks seem almost as helpless—again and again will they labour up to the storm swept crest, again to be beaten back. You can hear the continuous roar of the bloodless battle, and will sometimes during the evening go to the door, and at night open the window, and listen to the noble sound. The morning may be calm, and you will climb the hill with a feeling of sympathy for the veterans; twigs and branches strew the ground, and perhaps the largest tree, whose top, greatly daring, rose a little above the others, may now lie lower than them all. The graphic words of the old writer come to the mind, "How! fir tree, for a cedar has fallen." To think of old, unhappy, far off things seems natural here; virgin turf is beneath the feet, and the beeches, all scarred and maimed in their ragged uniforms of grey moss, and the weakened trunks and crooked limbs of the thorns, seem old as Father Time himself.

Impressive as the grim picturesqueness of these hilltop groves may be, they are something dry and scanty, even as the woods of the valley are too lush and damp. The ideal situation for a wood is a southward hill slope; each tree can stretch its arms above its neighbour's head, and so gather more light and air for

its nourishment, thus the individuals are well grown, whilst the mass, seen from the valley, or, better still, from the opposite slope, presents such a display as no other situation can give. The hanging wood in this Surrey hill-side gives us a happy example of skilful planting, larch and spruce fir, oak and ash, blend with the dominant beech in careless order; the eye now takes pleasure in the contour of individual trees, and now delights to travel along the billowy outline of the mass. Beauty of form is matched by richness and variety of colour. Beginning with the sombre yews, the tints brighten in the bluish foliage and ruddy stems of the pines, the infinite variety of greens amongst the deciduous trees, and reach a lovely climax in the pink and white of the wild apple and cherry blooms. Here the flat branches of the firs brush the ground, mingling with the grass, and even forming a couch for the basking snake; there the bough of a great oak will arch over an entrance to the shadowy coolness within. Tempting as the invitation may be, the margin of the wood offers equal attraction; you would like to be in both places at once, but the limitations in this regard laid down by Sir Boyle Roche press upon you. If you choose the outside, and walk along the thread of chalky path which skirts the wood, you will find this borderland one of Nature's most favoured haunts; it seems as though woodland and field reserved their choicest beauties for their confines. The unbroken rank of leafy boughs, beautified here and there with the blush of wild roses and the white clusters of the dogwood, rises and droops with the swell and fall of the ground—advances into promontories, and retires into quiet bays. Here is a gulf of meadow grass fringed all round with foam of primroses; beyond the next bend you enter a sequestered coombe, its bed filled to the brim with growing wheat.

A sense of intensest quiet and remoteness haunts this tranquil spot, which should be visited when the early morning or evening sun pours level rays across the corn, and the voice of the dove is heard crooning vespers or prime from the fir tree. Silently, the sun and air and the sap that runs in the veins of the earth are at work to produce that crowning gift of Nature to man, wheaten bread. The beauty that attends its growth nourishes the mind even as its substance feeds the body. Immediately adjoining the wood the corn is short and thin, but this in due season gives room for an abundant growth of poppies; unweary by the wind their short lives may be a little lengthened here, and they will bloom none the less brightly that the long summer day brings to one to admire their brilliance.

The path now climbs the hill and, near the top, enters the wood which is here composed entirely of beeches. Springing from massive stools the trunks divide, close to the ground, into double, triple, or clustered piers, and high overhead the branches diverge into graceful fan tracery, whilst a few clerestory windows show glimpses of the blue sky. An intensely clear, grey light fills these calm inter-spaces; but for a few palest of pale primroses, and a little trailing ivy the ground is bare—undergrowth would seem trivial and out of place here, like fussy decorations in a cathedral. No wonder the ancients made the groves their high places of prayer and sacrifice.

In striking contrast to this cloistral shade, the next scene is one of Nature's allegros. Straying fifty yards from the path you light upon a comparatively open space, a charming woodland lawn where are gathered a bevy of those princesses of the forest, the silver birches; even this light breeze is sufficient to wave their drooping robes, making the silver gloss of their stems wax and wane in the shimmering light; sapling oaks and ashes stand around in habits of gold-green. The lark and the thrush from sky and tree never tire of telling that the winter is over and gone and the time of their singing is come.

A bed of gravel here lies above the chalk, and the change of soil affects the vegetation. In place of the beeches the oaks predominate; the green of the oak is toned in early summer with brown, and this tinge, added to the beautiful scalloping of the shapely leaves, helps to give the oak woods their ornamental appearance.

In July the trees are knee-deep in bracken, but the tardiness of its appearance has allowed many other growths to have their little day. Very early in the spring, with prettily indented foliage, and a perfume sweet, but so subtle you can only enjoy it by gathering a good bunch of the flowers, the wood anemones push up through the dead leaves. Shelley must have thought of these dainty blooms when he so beautifully describes the Spring as a daughter bringing fresh flowers to deck her mother Autumn's grave:

"With gentle feet

Disturbing not the leaves that are her winding sheet."

A month later the wild hyacinths flooded the woodland openings with a sea of blue; and now, purple foxgloves and the rich yellow of the golden rod spring up wherever the overpowering bracken yields a little space.

In midsummer time sights and sounds of animal life are constant; the grass rustles as the unseen shrew mouse chases the beetle; the ground heaves where the mole rears his gallery, and, if you lie very still, you may see the rabbits come frisking from their burrows, nibbling the choicest of the herbage, and washing their faces in the morning dew. The wood-pigeon leaves her nest with that

poisy clatter of her wings which Virgil noticed long ago; the hawk shoots up from the lower ground, his shadow gliding over the tree tops, he poises a moment, and with tilted wings curves away, light as air itself, and the light-hearted song-birds, his possible victims, warble on without a moment's break in their music. On warm summer nights the fern-owls abound here, chirring in the trees, or, with short sharp cries, fluttering around them.

Approaching the highest ground the wood comes to an end, but a few outlying beeches are here to show to what majesty a tree may attain when given sufficient space for its development. Look well at one of these monarchs; so much strength and beauty, such opulence of life, cannot be taken in at a glance; as you get near, a blackbird flies up from the foot of the tree, and there you find a mossy basin, formed by the concretion of the roots, lined with matted leaves, and full of clear brown water, stored there since the last rains; the nest of the bird is just above, with its three mottled eggs still warm. A beautiful grey lichen covers much of the bark; an illimitable forest home this to hordes

of microscopic inhabitants. Very delightful are the varied and graduated motions of the tree; all degrees of elasticity are in it, from the rigidity of the trunk to the dancing flight of the highest leaf in a summer gale. Life is full and running over, the wealth of bloom is prodigious; on a three-inch spray you may count a dozen bunches of the tiny florets, and this floweriness clothing such mighty strength with a gentle grace powerfully affects the mind, and the thing becomes an ideal, the essential, primeval tree, which might have stood in paradise just as it stands here in our English sunshine. Your thoughts follow the roots down into the dark crannies of the earth; in the mighty trunk you seem to see one of the rocks of the underworld brought to light, and transfused with life; the chastened light which lives within the range of its branches is not the light of common day, but shines direct from the realm of fancy, the world of woodland dreams; and the fluttering sprays on the summit seem to be none of earth's making, but rather the radiant exhalations of sun and air.

ARTHUR SCAMMELL.

FANCY FOWLS.

THE keeping of fancy poultry is an occupation that has grown immensely popular of late years, and it is with great pleasure that we offer our readers a series of excellent photographs from the pens of an eminent Scottish breeder, Mr. Henderson Hamilton, of Dalsert House, Netherburn, Hamilton. We have put the OLD ENGLISH GAME first, as the breed is one of the best to keep and has many associations with the days of our forefathers, when "cocking" was a favourite amusement. In Mr. Hamilton's country it used to be the pastime particularly associated with Fastren's E'en, corresponding to the English Shrove Tuesday. On that day the boys were expected to bring fighting cocks to school, and the day was spent in witnessing the engagements.

Part of the dominie's salary was made up of a due of twopence for each bird introduced, and he had also a right to the killed birds and fugies, *i.e.*, such as proved to be craven. The Rev. John M'Queen, writing in 1792, says that at Applecross, in Ross-shire, "the schoolmaster's salary is 200 marks Scotch; he hath no perquisites, but the quarter payments of 1s. 6d. for English scholars and 2s. 6d. for Latin and arithmetic, and the cock-fight dues, which are equal to one quarter's payment for each scholar." Fitz-Stephen, who died in 1191, describes a similar Shrove Tuesday custom in London. Early in the present century cock-fighting was still fashionable, and after the battle of Waterloo it was common to name the champions after well-known generals. In a cock-fight between two North Country villages, Nether-ton



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OLD ENGLISH GAME.

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and Yeldom, fought about 1830, the former named the birds after the French and the latter after the English generals, and in the first round the Duke of Wellington beat Murat, Marshal Ney beat Sir John Moore, General Wolfe beat General Grouchy, and Napoleon beat General Picton. In the final, by a joyful coincidence, Wellington beat Napoleon. A certain amount of cock-fighting on the sly is still said to go on among the pit villages, but for all that the Old English game has passed into the sphere of show poultry. Bred for points, and deprived of his ancient muscle and hardihood, grumbles the *laudator temporis acti*. You would scarcely think that, to look at Mr. Hamilton's birds, of which the cock is a really fine and typical specimen of the breed.

He is, it will be noticed, dubbed, and the owner in the great battle that has been raging between pro and anti-dubbers possibly ranked with the former, though one would scarcely think so from the appearance of the INDIAN GAME, so called because Cornwall used to be their chief habitat, though they are a "manufactured" breed. Of dubbing much can be said on either side. It makes game birds look smarter and fiercer. The pro-dubbers went on strike and refused to exhibit when the Poultry Club made it illegal, but the obnoxious rule is excised in the regulations for 1900. The "Game" men vow that dubbing is a perfectly harmless operation, and Mr. Tegetmeier asserts that after he had cut a bird's comb with a razor it crowed and fed within a few minutes after. The pen is a very good one, except that one of the hens is a bit of a fantail. Indian Game are fine table birds, and crossed with Dorkings produce a fowl that stands first in favour at the fatting establishments; they lay a small but rich egg in small quantities.

The BRAHMAS, of which we have a representative group, were introduced in 1852, when Cochins were all the rage. They are not good table birds, but fairly prolific layers of a



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INDIAN GAME.

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LIGHT BRAHMAS.

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rich brown egg. A point worth noticing about them is the peculiar shape and small size of their combs, which, for this reason, are not affected by frost in hard winters—a great

advantage in any breed of poultry. The BLACK MINORCAS are a good typical pen, the hens' combs lying well over and the cock's comb being large and serrated. They are a very popular breed with those who keep only a small number of fowls for eggs, particularly in the suburbs of London and the West of England. They are a non-sitting variety, *i.e.*, although instinct has not been so thoroughly overcome that they do not go broody, they are less liable to do so than almost any other variety, except it be the Leghorn, and they lay many eggs—the long white egg sung by Herrick. It

is not everywhere, however, that the Minorca thrives. Still, there is scarcely any other fowl that can be so confidently recommended to those who have only a small run and are desirous of being supplied with eggs all the year round. With a little attention in the way of comfort and the provision of warm food, no great difficulty is experienced in getting them to lay during the winter months—the great object of the private poultry keeper.

Concerning ORPINGTONS there has been much discussion, as some fanciers object to the breed on account of its composite character and very modern origin. As a matter of fact the variety dates only from the year 1886, when it was bred and introduced at Orpington in Kent. It was originally a result of crossing clean-legged Langshans, that is to say, Langshan "sports," with black Plymouth Rocks. The latter, as is well known, frequently "throw back" black pullets, though this tendency seems to be decreasing, a proof

fowl, not quite as good as the Minorca or Leghorn for producing eggs, but, unlike them, capable of being made a very good table fowl. Those shown in the picture are fairly good birds, though

a fancier might object that the combs of the hens are rather large, and the cock too long in the back.

The DORKINGS are a good and typical pen of these capital table birds, which form a marked contrast to the Cornish game so often used to cross with them. Plump, wild-eyed, long-necked, the Cornish game have the look of free wild birds—there is something almost pheasant-like in their appearance. They are quite unlike the sturdy Dorking, which reminds you of the barndoor and the henwife. Dorkings cannot be said to do well in all situations, and they are not suitable for

keeping in confined runs; they flourish best with freedom, and, if possible, a good pasture whereon to forage. As to breeding table birds, a word may be said, in passing, about the advantage of



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ORPINGTONS.

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BLACK MINORCAS.

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having a fowl with a white, clean leg. Of course, it is a mere fashion or convention. The French, as good judges of poultry as any living, prefer a black leg, and the Americans a yellow. Colour is no indication of quality, though a brown egg is esteemed richer than a white one; but it is necessary for those who wish to sell fowls to consider the tastes of those who buy, and for that reason a white-legged fowl is to be recommended.

We should have liked to show more of Mr. Hamilton's chickens, and in particular a fine pen of those popular favourites, the Plymouth Rocks—Barred Rocks as they call them in the United States, where they are as much in favour as in Great Britain. For the time being, however, space forbids, and, having room for only one more illustration, we end, as we began, with a native breed, A FAMILY OF WILD DUCKS. It is merely an individual fancy on our part, as much might be said about the owner's very handsome Cayugas, his Aylesburys, and his Pekins. The practice of rearing wild duck, however, is one growing in favour. Naturalists hold that the plumage of our wild birds, with the interesting exception of the ruff and reeve, is fixed and, in a sense, unchangeable. But this has to be taken with a qualification. To say nothing of "sports," which are constantly giving us such curiosities as piebald rooks, silver jackdaws, and other departures from the normal, individual wild birds of the same species vary much in shape, size, and depth of hue—ducks more so than the rest. Indeed, one cannot but wonder that greater variety is not introduced. Since the Wild Birds' Protection Acts began to operate



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DORKINGS.

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they have vastly increased in number, and appear to practise their seductions with success on the tenants of the horse-pond. To a sheet of water near where this is written the wild ducks this year have brought several families of white Aylesburys, that swim about under the escort of wild drakes. They are resting in concealment now, but are expected to appear shortly with flappers at their heels, which are certain to be curiously mixed in colour. One of them, at least, has learnt a trick of nest-building from her wild mate, and is hatching her eggs in the crown of a pollard. For practical purposes the farmer might do worse than introduce a wild strain into his farmyard. The tame duck tends to grow soft and stupid, while a creature that has to take care of itself naturally learns to be keen and wary. Besides, the very care lavished on domestic poultry leads to a certain amount of in and in breeding and consequent loss of vitality; wild blood is a great improver of the constitution.

We refer particularly to the mallard, but other ducks can be put to the same use. Happening to spend the spring four or five years ago at a large seaside place, to which the Burrow duck did much resort, we made the experiment of setting their eggs under ordinary broody hens. They hatched out quite well, and the nestlings, though they astonished their mother with freaks and capers, due to their inheritance of wild instincts, thrived amazingly on home fare, and became the highly-prized ornaments of a quiet homestead.

Mr. Hamilton's ducks look beautifully wild and alert, and afford the best of proof that he has mastered the art of breeding and rearing them.



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A FAMILY OF WILD DUCKS.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MOST people remember that when Mr. Kipling went to the Cape in 1898 the world was electrified to find that there was a real Tommy Atkins who could address him in verse remarkably like unto his own:

"But you're our partic'lar author, you're our patron an' our friend,
You're the poet of the cussword and the swear,
You're the poet of the people where the red-mapped lands extend,
You're the poet of the jungle an' the lair,
An' compare
To the ever-speaking voice of everywhere."

Then folks said with some justice that Kiplingese of the normal type, that is to say, in the rattling tone of the "Barrack-room Ballads," not of course in the lofty mood of "The Recessional," was not really so very hard to write, and this statement has been justified by Edgar Wallace, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, in "Writ in Barracks" (Methuen). It is a collection of ballads, many of which would not disgrace Mr. Kipling himself, some of which are a great deal better than Mr. Kipling at his worst. Some of them have become known through publication in this country in various newspapers; but

others are new, and I give for sample of them an extract from one in the serious mood:

"THE PRAYER.

"O God of Battles! Lord of Might!
A sentry, in the silent night,
I, 'oo 'ave never prayed,
Kneel on the dew-damp sands, to say,
O see me through the comin' day—
But, please remember, though I pray,
That I am not afraid!

"O God of Battles! Lord of Might!
'Ere in the dusky, starry light,
My inner self I've weighed;
An' I 'ave seen my guilt an' sin;
I'm black as black can be, within,
But though I would forgiveness win,
It aint 'cos I'm afraid!

"O God of Battles! Lord of Might!
Keep me, to-morrow, in Your sight!—
Far 'ave I erred an' strayed.
I've flaunted You, with gibe an' sneer,
At 'ome, with chums to laugh and cheer,
But now, I am alone—out 'ere!
But still I aint afraid!

"O God of Battles! Lord of Might!
The en'my's camp-fires twinkle bright.
To-morrow, Lord, Your aid;
The canteen was my Sunday-school:
The drill-book was my Golden Rule;
Wot are they now? O 'elpless fool!
But still, I'm not afraid!"

Now this strikes me as verse which rings strong and true, and if Edgar Wallace does not allow the literary agents to get hold of him and to persuade him into over-production, he will go far.

Coming straight away from a soldier's verse, let me confess at once, and in the language of the ante-room, that I was "put off" by the Dean of Hereford's preface to the autobiography of "The Last of the Climbing Boys," Mr. George Elson (John Long). The Dean holds out promise of the reminiscences of a character who, "emerging from the lowest environment, and fighting manfully against the numerous temptations and trials with which his path was beset, managed to free himself from the trammels which threatened to hold him down among the submerged tenth, and was enabled, through his own energy and unceasing efforts, to place himself in an honourable position, respected by those among whom his lot is cast.

"It is for this reason that I gladly accede to the request of my former parishioner, Mr. George Elson, who many years ago assisted me in a campaign at Leamington against the foes of temperance, to write these few prefatory remarks, and thus to take a small part in the launching of this work of his into a sea of literature."

It seemed that the temperance tract in disguise proclaimed itself with a frankness which forbade further progress with the book. But as a matter of fact, perseverance was rewarded with an account of a real life which to me, at any rate, was distinctly interesting. Mr. Elson divided his boyhood between the close air of sooty and often dangerous chimneys and the absolutely open air; for when he was not actually climbing chimneys he was for the most part a vagrant without a roof to cover his head.

Quite late in the book he "got religion," and became a swimming master, a "temperance orator," a shampooer in a Turkish bath, and a masseur. Of the temperance business and the religion we hear, however, but little, and there is a tone of smug self-satisfaction at the end of the book which is simply unbearable. Here is a sample:

"So well did we rise in reputation that, when attending patients in the country, they would send their carriage to meet us at the station; and such was their courtesy that I was with some families invited to sit at their table. Even where that rule was not observed, the best of food was otherwise provided.

"When I arrived at a gentleman's mansion I was not expected to go round to the back door as of old time. The front door was my right entrance, opened by the footman, who would take possession of my top-coat and silk hat. Then I was received by the lady, who would conduct me to the gentleman's bedroom whose returning health depended upon my knowledge and skill, of which they were fully aware.

"I felt proud of being the recipient of these courtesies obtained by real merit, and could not help at times contrasting my position with my former humble circumstances. My sitting at table with the family, waited upon by the servants, the carriage at the front door waiting for me, the high fees for my services, how could I help thinking to myself and exclaiming, 'Is it possible it's me; can it be true? I, the erstwhile chimney-sweep and climbing boy in

such company, with such respect paid to me!' And then, oh, how thankful I would feel."

Fortunately for Mr. Elson this egregious passage occurs in the closing pages of the book. Coming earlier, it would, with the aid of the Dean of Hereford's introduction, have choked me clean off to a dead certainty; and then really a good deal would have been missed. In other words, the climbing boy part of the book, which is the greater part, is really good, and it bears the impress of truth. The ragged boy who tramped the country and slept in barns and hovels and lmekins, suffered real hardships and bore them pluckily, took an interest in prize-fighting and horse-racing, was a good judge of character, observed and remembered. In fact, he is amusing as long as he is a chimney sweep—that is to say, for 232 pages. Then come the Hyde Park Riots; but on page 241 occurs a Mutual Instruction Society at Teddington. "I applied for membership and was courteously accepted, the subscription being but two shillings per annum." Fortunately the book ends at page 288.

It had been my intention to conclude this article with a brief review of Mr. M. D. Soiel's "The Yellow Danger," of which Mr. Grant Richards has brought out a new edition with special reference to the present troubles, but it is too exciting, too powerful, too wholesale, and too lurid to be dealt with at the end of an article. It is therefore reserved for a week, with the preliminary observation that those who like sensation on the Cyclopean scale will do well to order it at once.

THE BISON IN . . . NORTHUMBERLAND

AT the present time there are three main colonies of the foreign animals classed as "big game" living in natural conditions in England. The most northern is that of Mr. Christopher Leyland, at Haggerstone Castle, near Beal, in



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A BISON BULL IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

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Northumberland. The other main colonies of the overseas beasts are at Woburn Abbey and Leonardslee; and in all three the proprietors have carried out their experiments in acclimatising with admirable skill and striking success. Landed proprietors in other countries of Europe are following our

example, but, except by M. G. Pays Mellier at La Pataudiere, Touraine, not on the scale on which either Mr. Leyland or Sir E. G. Loder have attempted it. Nor is it likely that anyone in Europe will ever attempt to rival the huge "paradise" at Woburn. In view of the public interest taken in such experiments, the readers of COUNTRY LIFE will appreciate the courtesy of Mr. Christopher Leyland in giving Mr. Reid such full and ample facilities for showing in these pages what has been achieved in far Northumberland. The number of species acclimatised there is very striking, and includes animals from North America, Australia, India, Japan, and Africa.

In a future number we propose to show the various members of this unique



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THE OLD BULL IS A LITTLE UPSET.

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SOME OF THE HERD.

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society. But the growth of the herd of bison is so remarkable, and, in view of the difficulty of the preservation of the species at all, is of such international interest from the point of view of nature and sport, that we propose to devote a separate notice to this portion of the new fauna of Northumberland. And first, by way of introducing these British-bred bison with due formality and credit, we will quote from the latest remarks on the subject by the director of the New Zoological Society of New York, Mr. W. Hornaday, who is at this moment trying to create such a herd for the land of the bison's ancestors. By counting every head of bison, wild or tame, still existing, he makes out a total of 620. Of these, only twenty-four now survive in Yellowstone Park. All the rest have been killed by Indians or poachers.

There is another wild herd of forty or fifty somewhere north of the Great Slave Lake, in Canada, and a tame herd in Wyoming, of varying numbers, but which increases, and from which stock is obtained by zoological societies and dealers from time to time. One of these, an American cousin, is shown for comparison with the British bison. Four years ago there were four bison at Woburn—we believe there are more now—and a few are scattered about in the London Zoo, where there are two which do not breed, and in menageries.

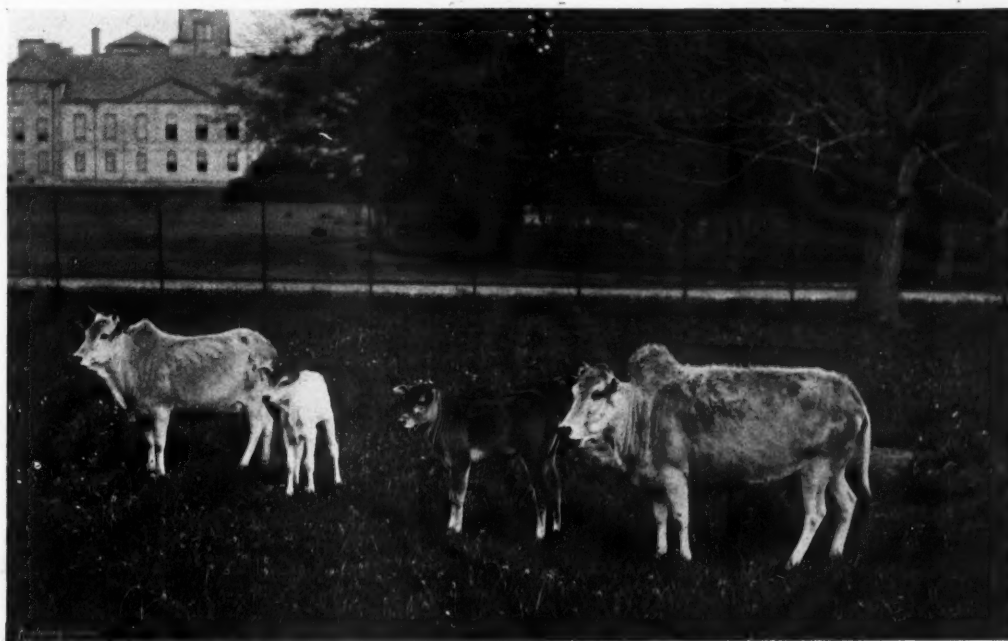
Only at Haggerstone is there a real herd, living a natural life in the open, and breeding regularly and producing young. It was founded ten years ago. At the present time it contains twelve pure-bred bison bulls; nine pure-bred bison cows and heifers; three half-breds between the Highland cow and bison bull; ten three-quarters hybrids; ten seven-eighths hybrids. It will be seen that there are two possible uses of this unique possession. One is to preserve the bison; the other to experiment in breeding hybrids, and, possibly, by breeding back again, to introduce a strengthening strain into the pure bison herd, which may increase its vitality and fertility, if the experiments seem to promise such a result.

Mr. Leyland says that at present he does not intend crossing with the domestic cow. For some reason or other the latter frequently dies before the calf is born. This is a new and unexpected trouble, and, so far as our experience goes, without a parallel in the ordinary experience of breeding hybrids, which are themselves fertile, as are these bison crosses. It is difficult to think that the system or constitution of the female is affected by the fact that it is in calf to a bison. Yet this seems rather suggested by Mr. Leyland's experience. "My first experiment," he writes, "was more than eight years ago with a bison bull and Highland and shorthorn heifers. The results were four calves, of which the heifers were produced by the Highland cows, and

the bulls by the shorthorns, but several cows died during gestation. I thought that those which did calve would be right to breed again, but they all died the following year." He next tried the experiment of breeding from a bison bull and a cross-bred heifer, between the Highland and shorthorn, thinking that this would avoid the raw cross, and that at the same time the great prepotency of the Highland blood would be broken down by the previous cross with the shorthorn. The results were not satisfactory. Nearly all the heifers died, and the others had dead calves. Mr. Leyland will now only breed from the cross-breds now at Haggerstone and the pure bison.

Is it possible that in a herd of these dimensions the race can be perpetuated? Probably not, without a thorough understanding with the owners of any other animals which may be available in this country for the purpose. But nine females, if they are fertile, are a very strong nucleus for a herd, provided it is under human control, as this is. In a wild state the present numerical superiority of bulls to cows would probably check their increase.

The bison does not make a harem for himself like the stag, or even as the wild bulls do at Chillingham, by which the most vigorous creature in the herd secures to itself the right of perpetuating the species. Consequently, the bison stock is exposed to all the well-known dangers of a superfluity of males. It is to this, no less than to the attacks of Indians and poachers, that the failure of the few American wild herds is ascribable. But in a park, and separated in paddocks, as these animals are at Haggerstone, with the care and trouble now bestowed on them, the bison has a better chance of survival than would be possible for such limited numbers elsewhere. The same results are



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INDIAN COUSINS.

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noted in a large semi-tame herd in Canada, which increases while two wild ones steadily dwindle. If the number could be raised to thirty head, with a proportion of cows to bulls of about two to one, the bulls being disposed of as soon as their best breeding age was passed, there is little doubt that the race would have every chance of survival. Bison are not averse to semi-domestication by temperament, though we believe they never become really tame. But the director of the New York Zoo, comparing the experience of his acquaintance and the record of books, believes that there is no more difficulty in breeding them than in doing so with domestic cattle. At Haggerstone they drop their calves at the most favourable time for their survival—viz., in May and July.

Perhaps some American subscriber who reads this may be

able to send us some account of the results of bison breeding in the United States. The reports of the herd in the Corbin Game Park, New Hampshire, have not been published in this country for two years. C. J. CORNISH.

A WILD WEST SHOW.

YES; a regular "Wild West Show," but not such a one as Buffalo Bill introduced to us in London some few years ago. This one was away in the wilds of Connemara,

"Westward, where Dick Martin ruled"

in days gone by, and where the Congested Districts Board are trying to improve the condition of the people of the West of Ireland.

Connemara is the name given to that portion of the County Galway lying between the Mamturk Mountains and the Atlantic coast—a district noble in the grandeur of its lake and mountain scenery, with the little nooks and crannies, here and there dotted with the white cabins of the peasantry and their environments of tiny patches of potatoes or oats. Clifden, where the show was held, is in a good sheltered district, and the mildness of the climate is attested to by the rank growth of the common red fuchsia and hydrangea, hedges of the former growing by the roadside, or fencing the gardens, while the latter may be seen 12 ft. or 14 ft. high, covered with huge masses of blossom. Clifden was chosen this year as the most central venue to hold a show of the little pony mares of Connemara, which the Congested Districts Board are making strenuous efforts to improve. In days gone by the little horses of Connemara were most excellent—fast, sure-footed, hard, enduring, and good-looking; but the natives had not the reputed delicate sensitiveness of the Arabs, who would scorn to take gold for their mares, but, lured by filthy lucre, gradually got rid of the good old type, till now there is hardly a single genuine Connemara to be found, their places having been taken by small, badly-shaped, and, too often, worn-out mares, brought in by drovers to "swap" for the horse of the country, with the consequence that now a very inferior breed of nondescripts exists. The wonderful strain of goodness which ran in the Connemara was—whether properly or not—attributed to the admixture of Barb blood, obtained by stallions washed ashore from the ill-fated Spanish Armada running with the native mares on the hills. Be this as it may, we must cry "Ichabod! Ichabod!" now, for all the glory has departed, and it is to build up a somewhat similar strain that is the object of the Congested District Board's efforts. The first experiments at regeneration consisted in giving free, or at a merely nominal price, the services of stallions to selected mares; but at the very outset a mistake was made in sending hackneys to the district, these, as was anticipated, not having proved the right thing. Rome was not built in a day, nor can it be expected that a line of mares of the right class can be built up quickly; but still it was soon made evident that the hackney was not the factor to accomplish this. Barbs, Arabs, and Welsh cobs have been tried, but it appears to be the general feeling now that the stout, compact thorough-bred is the horse on which to place our hopes. For the last two seasons there has been stationed at Clifden a horse well known on the Irish Turf, in Golden Crescent, by Castlerough out of Mcmaid. This good little horse ran for eight years—from 1889 to 1896—winning many important

aces, and is now as fresh and as sound as a two year old. The Wild West Show was for mares that had been mated with Golden Crescent and their produce, and it was with much curiosity and interest that I travelled into the kingdom of Connaught to see it. A hilly field at the foot of a Spion Kop-like mountain, close to the town, was selected as the site for the show, and a funny-looking crowd of men and horses was gathered on the road as we drove along. Over sixty entries had been made, and the rough little mares, bestridden by their wild-looking masters, gave one a realistic idea of a Boer commando. Some of these men had ridden twenty miles over rugged mountain roads to compete for the small money prizes which were offered. The chances of each mare and foal were eagerly discussed, and being a stranger and with "the chief," it was generally thought I was "the gentleman that was to judge," and many an effort was made to dilate on the extraordinarily good qualities of some poor little old mare, built on angles that would have puzzled Euclid. "The devil a better baste than that same grey mare stands the show," whispered one old chap. "Shure, she'd think no more o' whirlin' ye into Ballinahinch thin—" and he stopped for the want of a suitable illustration. Another was most eulogistic over his black foal, which he swore he was offered "sivin goolden sav'rins for the day 'twas foaled," and many other attempts were made to make friends with the supposed judge. The real Simon Pure, in the person of Mr. —, a well-known member and ex-steward of the Turf Club, soon after appeared on the scene, but somehow, in his cycling kit, he did not seem to find favour in the eyes of the crowd, and this feeling was intensified when he took no notice of Nancie Bell, a local celebrity that had won a few pony races. "Shure! that man knows nothin' about a horse, an' he to pass by Nancie Bell!" and with a snort of disgust an old fellow passed on, to pour his grievance into the ear of anyone that would listen to him. Certainly, to look at the poor old broken-down black Nancie casually, you would never think of taking a second glance at her; but in the eyes of the natives a Derby winner was nothing to her.

The judging of a lot of rough ponies like those exhibited was indeed a difficult matter, but at last the two classes—one for those under 14h. 2in. and the other for those over that height—were got through, to the satisfaction of the few prize-takers, and the dissatisfaction of the many who were not so fortunate. The foals, coming from such poor-looking little dams, were a wonderfully good lot, reflecting great credit on Golden Crescent. They, too, were divided into two classes—the fillies and the colts. The former were a neat, hardy-looking lot of ten, that ought to turn out useful little mares. One great object of this show was to offer inducements to the owners of filly foals to keep them on and breed from them, and it was satisfactory to find that the first, second, and third prize winners are to be branded and kept over, instead of being sold as weanling foals according to the usual custom.

The colt foals were very much more uneven than the fillies, but the winner of the first prize was a splendid large brown foal that would have looked well in any company. How his dam, a little, thin narrow black of 13h. 2in., ever bred such a fine one, is a mystery, more especially as mother and son only had the run of a wild, heath-clad mountain.

It is the purpose of the Congested Districts Board to make this show an annual one, and if this is carried out, it ought to greatly help in bringing back the good old Connemara to something like its pristine glory—if the natives can only be made to see that this can never be done unless they keep the best of their fillies.

HEATH.

DOG-BREAKING.

THE good dog-breaker is he who understandeth his dogs." It is an axiom of all education, per-

haps, that the teacher should put himself now and again, as far as he can, into the mental position of the pupil. In order that he may teach him what he has to do he has to look at the business from the pupil's point of view. A dog-breaker has really more chance of doing this than the boy teacher, because, as a matter of necessity almost, the dog teacher has to deal with one pupil only at a time, whilst the boy teacher, as a matter of convenience, commonly takes many in the same class. But before you can put yourself into the mental attitude in which your pupil is regarding the problem, you have to make sure that he is regarding it at all. That is to say, you have to engage his attention, to win it to yourself, and then transfer it to the object you have in view, to the problem you wish him to solve. And the modes of engaging attention are various, the best mode with one dog quite different from that which is best in another's case. Even for this, the most elementary business of all, it is necessary to be in sympathy with your dogs, to understand their various characters and dispositions, and the best way of dealing with each according to its idiosyncrasy. There are dogs that a harsh word will wound more than a blow will hurt another of coarser fibre. They differ more widely, I think, than human beings, because they are more natural, less conventional; and conventionality always makes for sameness. One dog's high spirit and lack of concen-



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

STEADY AS A ROCK.

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tration you may continually be obliged to control, even by the use of the whip, to bring him down from his vagaries to the matter in hand. Another will present you difficulties because of its excessive shyness and sensitiveness. You can hardly speak seriously to it, because the moment you drop your voice of encouragement for that of tuition it begins to suspect that you are angry. Both these kinds are specially difficult, the former particularly. The dogs of highly nervous nature are often peculiarly intelligent when you once have inspired them with confidence sufficient to let their intelligence have fair play. The others, the obstreperous dogs, the Philistines, are often good energetic workers when you succeed in breaking them, but you never altogether conquer their natural disposition, it is always apt to so assert itself when opportunity occurs, and they



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IN COMPANY.

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seldom develop into dogs of genius. Genius, in dogs as in man, seems to go with the highly-strung nervous nature.

Thus the initial stages of breaking are not really so much teaching as learning—learning the character of your dog. When you have learned that lesson fairly you may begin with the teaching, putting yourself into the mental attitude of the dog and helping him in the task of learning—learning with him, as it were. It is all so much a matter of sympathy, this teaching, whether boy or dog be the pupil. If you can learn exactly what his difficulties are, you will have no trouble in teaching him to overcome them. It is by presenting to him the solution of one problem when his mind is really occupied with quite a different one that you lose so much time—and often so much temper, on both sides. The patience of a dog is very considerable; but this too is a variable quantity in different dogs, so that one dog is capable of far longer concentration on one lesson than is another. With the best will in the world a dog will weary of the same thing on the fiftieth repetition, and it is a great mistake to weary your pupil. When his attention grows slack, after he has given it to you for a reasonable time, you should recognise that canine flesh is weak, and cease for the time from your lessons, or at least vary them (which does as well). It is especially the elementary lessons learned in the house or on the lawn, the bloodless lessons, where no game is killed, that are apt to weary the young dog. The perpetual giving of rewards dulls his appetite for them; and without some reward, is all the learning of the lesson worth the while? On the moor, of course, there is a measure of reward (the lesson is its own reward), even if no game be killed over the dog, for there is an ardent joy in the scent of the game as the dog draws up to it nearer and nearer till it is flushed. But about this there must of a certainty be a considerable disappointment too. It must be very exasperating,

after you, being a canine, have drawn up, with the greatest care and skill to avoid flushing the birds too soon, to a covey squatting in the heather, to find them fly away, time after time, without an effort being made by your instructor to give you the reward of mouthing and tousling the feathers of those things that have wings while you have not. There must be a temptation well-nigh irresistible, after much repetition of this, to break from the "point," to rush in and try to seize for yourself, since your human friend will not help you, one of these feathered things that lie in the heather so closely. It is therefore much better to indulge the dog now and again by shooting some game over him. I do not know how the law reads in this matter (at least, I do know quite well, but sometimes it is better to appear to be in blissful ignorance), but it is quite certain that the judicious breaker will shoot a bird or two over the

dogs he is breaking before the Twelfth or the First arrives. No doubt this is, in the literal sense, law-breaking, as well as dog-breaking; but the observation of the law, like the breaking of the dog, has to be done with a modicum of intelligence, and there is really no breaking of the spirit of the law in thus shooting a bird or two for the purpose of educating your dog. There can be no higher motive for law-breaking.

If a dog is brought to the moor and sees birds killed over him for the first time when the object is to make a bag, that object will be sadly frustrated by the dog's inevitable behaviour. There is no time to devote to him in particular; he sees the birds falling dead, and it is likely that he will go, for the time being, absolutely stark, staring mad, and in a

very short time, in spite of all Mr. Walter Long's efforts, will reduce every body and dog in the field to a like condition.

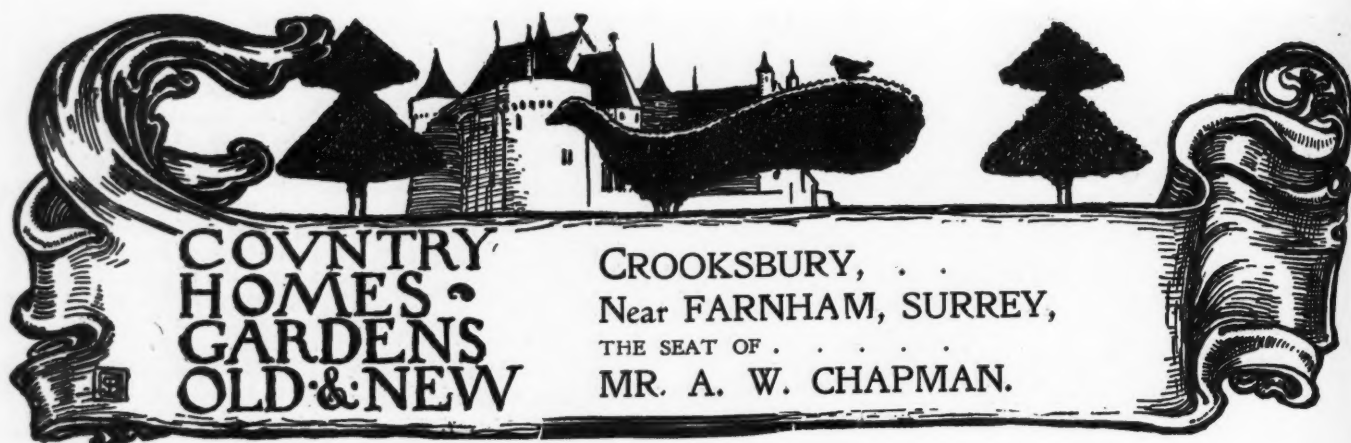
There is, of course, no doubt in the world that you can do best with your dog when you have him alone, with all his attention concentrated on you. And yet again there are lessons that he may best learn from seeing a steady old dog at work. Moreover, there are cases in which dogs have to work with others—indeed, that is the natural rule on the moors and in the field—therefore it is essential that your dog, after a time, should learn to do his work *IN COMPANY*. But prepare him for this co-operative labour by working him alone for a while, till he has learned to stand *STEADY AS A ROCK*, without running in on birds before him, without exuberance of spirits and confusion of intellect when the birds rise all round him, down charging steadily at the sound of the gun. Then, when he has learned this, you may bring him into company. And for the sake of all your own past labour and the young dog's future, let this company be a steady company. For there is nothing so infectious as unruliness, whether in men, boys, girls, or dogs. Bring him at first into the company of one steady old dog, a fellow who will not mind, but will regard it as only a vagary of youth, if the young dog rushes away past him when he is on the point and takes his point from him. I have sometimes thought that a young dog would work more steadily and more gallantly, so to say, in company with one of the other sex. And after you have perfected him in *BACKING* up the point of one other, then you may take him out with two, teaching him to back the point of the foremost, keeping in his proper rank. But ever it is to be remembered that evil communications corrupt good manners, and the larger the company into which your young dog is admitted, the greater is the necessity for seeing that it be composed of a society suitable for him.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

BACKING.

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IT has always been reckoned among the limitations of life that men who build a house or plant a wood in middle age cannot hope to see their trees grown up, or enjoy their new garden as they could an old one. Nature, it is said, cannot be hurried; he that plants trees or lays out a garden is endowing posterity.

There is a touch of sadness in the moral. Planting and gardening and good building are so excellent in themselves that they need no commendation from self-sacrifice. If the old gods of gardens still flourished, we can believe that they would make Nature work to order, and hurry things on for such devout worshippers. And that is what Nature will do still, if the *genius loci*, the secret of the place and soil, is held in due regard and its powers rightly understood and used. In proof whereof the reader will perhaps look at the gardens, the courts, and terraces here shown, and guess how long they have been made, and the time when the trees and flowers were planted. Ten years ago every rod of these terraces and gardens was a pine wood, heather carpeted and haunted by big grasshoppers, lizards,

and furze-chats. To be particular, the garden arch was built ten years ago, and where that splendid white cluster-rose shows its blossoms like snow-crystals there was nothing but heather and fir. The wall here shown, a model piece of fine brickwork, with a quaint fruit-house built at one end, runs right across the centre of this garden, dividing it into two. This is the north side. You can see how the plum tree grows on it, next the arch. On the other side peaches and plums cover the wall from end to end, and from top to bottom. You could stock a Covent Garden stall for a week with the fruit. And this in the new garden! The pears on the other side are as thick as they can hang, and next door to the garden is an orchard, where the ten-year trees are loaded with apples and cherries. The gardener's house is so cunningly built of rough-cast, and the roses have grown in eight years so fast, reaching the eaves, that it looks like an old building remaining on the spot. The yew hedges are tall and thick, the clumps of herbs, the standard trees, and the roses all so mature and so well established, that they look not the result of a few years, but of a lifetime. To walk and hear how it was all done



McLean & Hume

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THE OLD HOUSE.

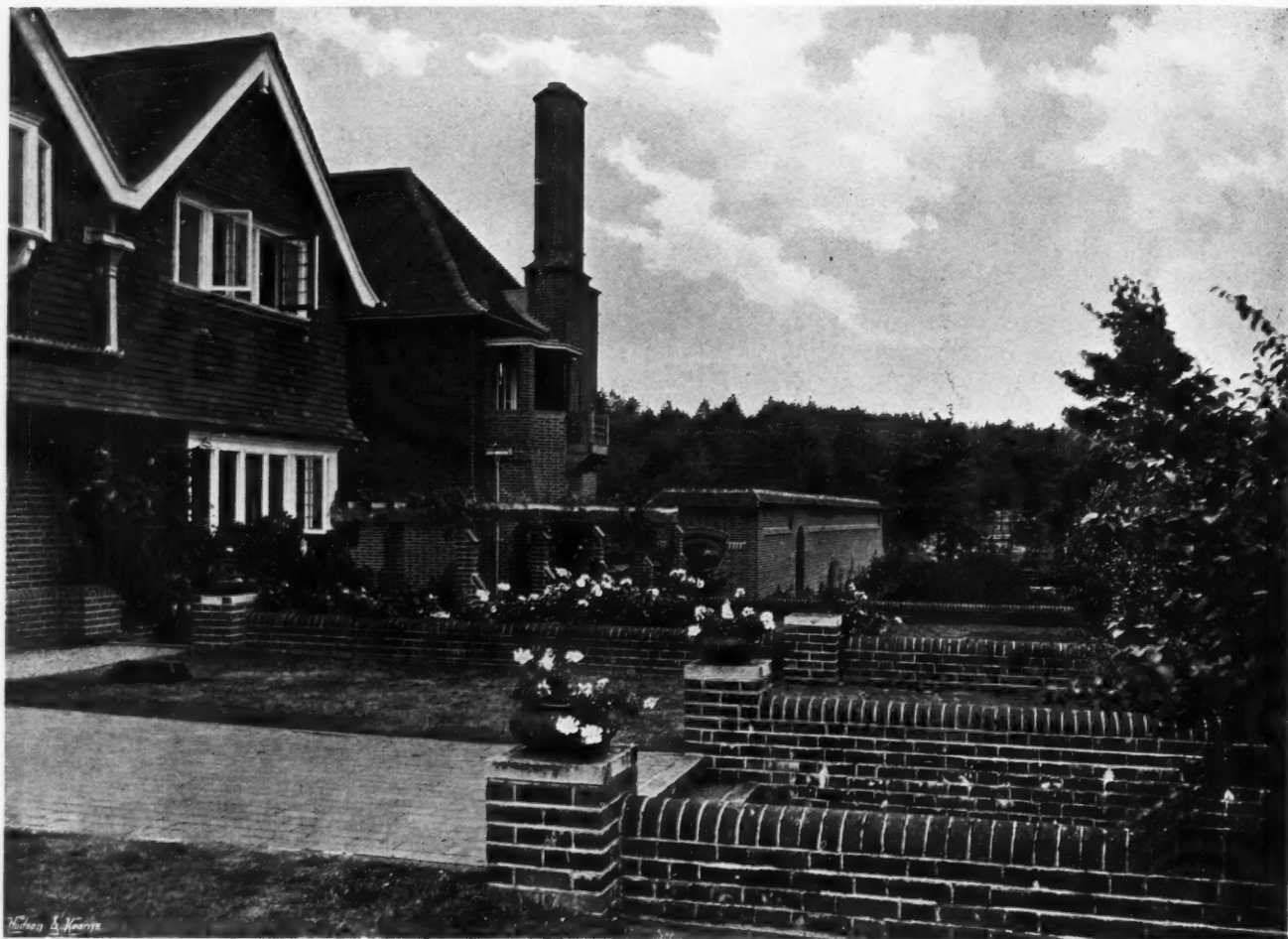
"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—CROOKSBURY: THE NEW FRONT.

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ON THE UPPER TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and when it was all begun is a pleasant dream, a doubling and trebling of the possibilities of life, so far as gardening goes. A word as to the setting and the great beauty of this orchard of Alcinous, created under Crooksbury Hill. That hill is seen and known by everyone who has been within twenty miles of it. It is a conical cap of pines looking down over striking contrasts of landscape, itself is a kind of natural temple and "high place" of the pine country. South it looks over to Hind Head, southwest to Frensham, west over the fat, flat emerald meadows, the stew-ponds, and the big trees of Waverley Abbey. The house (of which more shortly) stands on the south slope of the big hill, in what may perhaps be a twenty-year growth of Scotch fir, not too

thick for the heather to grow under, and mixed with birch. Down through this fir wood lies the way to the garden. So, walking down the terrace stair, we step out on to the rabbit-turf and closely-mown walks, and, with heather belts on this side and on that, and with puffs of pine odours and of the scent of bracken, go down to the garden. What you see is a green path, under arches of roses, and a blaze of colour on either side, and far beyond crested lines of pines, dark blue, light blue, and grey, as the distance of each ridge paints them. But the art of the setting of the garden is great. First roses grow up lopped pine poles by the path, then come arches of roses, then a solid pine screen, where the trees grow thick, and through this the vista concentrated. Up that walk in summer there is one blaze of Shirley poppies, a stream of colour in perspective. But before leaving the garden and returning to the house, look again at the wood, for that is what the garden was ten years ago.

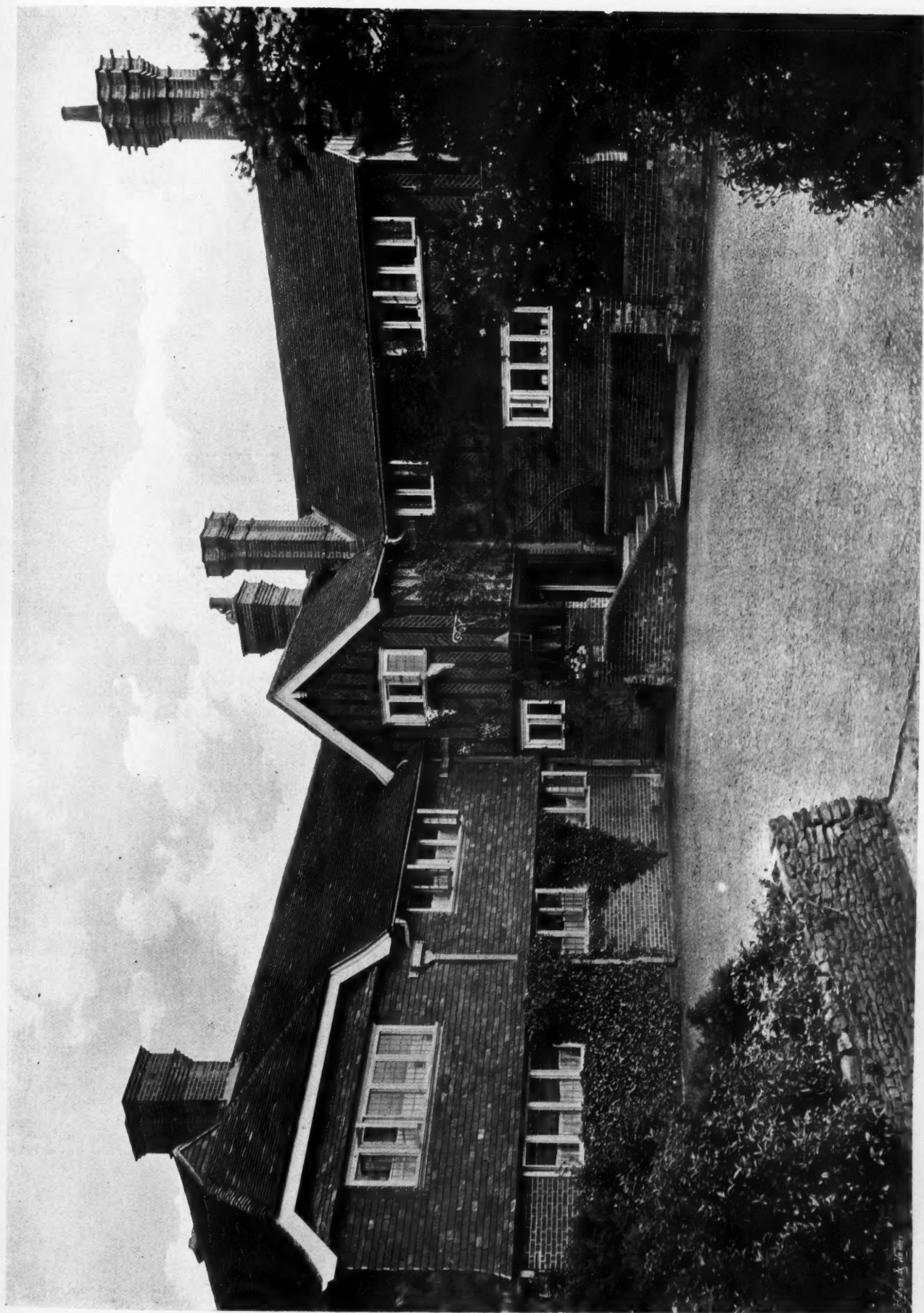
The house and terraces must be considered separately. While the evidence of the possible speed of garden-making is even more striking round the house than in the wood, the building and its design and its garden architecture are of the first interest both from the point of view of the country house and of the means by which its setting acquires distinction. Of Mr. Lutyens's work all that needs saying is that it looks even better in reality than in the pictures here shown. But they are a very close approach to what the eye does see, and it is proposed here mainly to explain the connection of the parts, and to supply a little of what is not seen or not connected (and necessarily so) in a series of views.



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THROUGH THE WOOD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—CROOKSBURY: THE ENTRANCE COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE GARDEN ARCH.

The old house and pergola show what the architect had to begin upon, and its junction with the new house. It is best to see these together, because the connection of the previous work with what is new, and built on a quite different scale and plan, is very bold and original. The old house was, it is believed, almost the first that Mr. Lutyens designed, and was, as is plain in the pictures, a tiled and gabled cottage-built house, rattier on the lines of old Surrey farms. The new house is a complete whole, in which considerable size and a just sense of proportion give dignity. It is so cleverly set, with its back to all the rest, that it is able to have things all to itself, so to speak, with its front, its terrace, and its garden walls—such garden walls too!—its gates, its yew hedge, and lastly its vistas, running

out into the pine forest, as if no other design had been thought of. Yet on the south side the old and new are brought together into a striking though varied whole. Outside the old house is a high terrace, grass covered, with great bushes of white rose. The terrace wall rises almost from the heather; figs, roses, and clematis are trained on it. The fig court behind the pergola is the connection between the two buildings. Like all this precinct it is set with stone slabs of pavement, which pavement makes the setting of beds where roses and flowers blossom. Gourds grow up the pergola pillars, with roses and clematis. So through the pergola, and through the good iron gate that fills the arch at the end, leaving on the right the pretty yew garden, and briar rose beds, we wander into the rose garden and the frontage of the new house. This new front is a triumph of gardening and garden design. The stone-set beds are planted with bush-roses, and the circles in the stone with little yews and junipers. Dark green shiny-

"COUNTRY LIFE."

leaved climbers are on the walls, and be it remembered that while the roses and bright-coloured plants blossom among cool grey stone, the effect of the good, small red bricks, the quaint setting and mortaring of the tiles, the roofing of the garden walls, and many other good and sound devices in the use of material, give a warmth, permanence, and character to this mixture of house and garden very rarely seen, and, when seen, not forgotten. The front garden, as the formal wall-bordered pleasure before the new house is called, is the latest creation. It is scarcely two years old; some of it not more than eighteen months. On either hand the finely-designed walls run down to a semi-circular fence of yew. The roofing of these walls with tile, their fine gates, and the inverted curves connecting them with the



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IN THE PERGOLA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE FIG COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

house, make them in themselves a great ornament to the garden. but they are fringed with deep settings of herbaceous border, in which tall bright flowers bloom in masses. Even after the August gales the cactus dahlias, and masses of asters, Michaelmas daisies, garden vetch, and tall pyrethrum showed what can be done even in an eighteen months old garden. It may be asked whether there is any special quality in the soil or climate which makes such rapid progress possible? In answering this very natural enquiry, it is proper to make a distinction between the garden in the wood and the gardening on the terraces round the house. The latter owes so much to the creation of the architect that it would be difficult to say where Art ends and Nature begins. But the soil of the main garden and fruit orchard is exactly the same as that of any of the Surrey pine woods which grow on hills. The pine woods on the flats are often on the poorest sand. Those on the hills are on another kind of sand, loose, full of lumps of ironstone, and very dry, but it has a good surface of mould, made by the decay of a thousand years of bracken and fir needles. It lies very warm to the sun at Crooksbury, and the pines themselves give shelter. But there is no reason why what has been done there might not be attempted with equal hopes of success on any similar land in Surrey, Sussex, or Hants.

BORES.

A COMPARATIVELY unexplored field for research is now beginning to be opened up

by the attention paid on the part of scientists—and particularly American scientists—to the investigation of the tidal phenomenon at the estuaries of certain rivers, known as the bore. When a river expands gradually towards a very wide mouth, and is subject to high tides, the spring flood tide drives an immense volume of water from the sea into the river. The water accumulates in the estuary more rapidly than it can flow up into the river, and thus there is gradually formed a kind of watery ridge, stretching across the estuary, and rushing up towards the river with great violence and noise. In this country this phenomenon is still, or



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AN ENTRANCE GATE—THE NEW GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE OLD HOUSE FROM THE NEW GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

has been, observable on the rivers Severn, Trent, Ouse, Witham, and Parret. Camden describes the bore in the Severn thus: "There is in it a daily rage and boisterousness in its waters, which I know not whether I may call a gulph or whirlpool, casting up the sands from the bottom and rolling them into heaps. It floweth with a great torrent, but loses its force at the first bridge. That vessel is in great danger that is stricken on the side. The watermen us'd to it, when they see this hygre coming, do turn the vessel, and, cutting through the midst of it, avoid its violence."

Admiral Beechey, in his report made to the Admiralty in 1849, gives the average rate of the progress of the crest of the tidal wave as increasing from 3.6 miles above Portishead to 13.6 miles below Gloucester. In high spring tides, he states, it comes up the river with a crest c. from 5ft. to 6ft. at the sides,

and 3½ft. in the centre. When freshets were running, the rate of progress increased from four to ten miles per hour. Since Admiral Beechey recorded his observations, however, the Severn bores, owing to artificial deepening in the river bed, dredging operations in the estuary, and other improvements, have greatly decreased in frequency and volume. Indeed, they now appear to assume definite shape only at the time of abnormally high tides, which are intermittent. This same state of affairs applies to all rivers subject to bores, but where the tidal wave has become more freely propagated by improvements of the kind enumerated.

There is no bore in the Humber, which is too wide for it, but it begins to make its appearance some few miles up, as the banks become closer in the Trent and Ouse, where it is called the "ager." It is slightly developed at high spring tides at Burton Stather, four miles above the junction of the Trent with the

Humber, and at ordinary springs at Keadby, where it rises 3ft. almost instantaneously. At Gainsborough it attains its maximum height, the first wave of the flood passing up the river there with a nearly vertical crest of from 5ft. to 6ft. At Torksey the crest diminishes to about 1ft., and it gradually dies out above this place, which is thirty-four miles from the Humber. There is a small bore developed on the Ouse above the mouth of the Trent, but it does not assume the velocity or height of that on the Trent.

Speaking of the latter, Stonehouse's "History of the Isle of Axholme," published in 1839, states that "when a large 'ager' is expected at Ferry, the boats are pushed off from the shore into deep water, the craft in the river are all manned, waiting for the appearance of the white curling wave, accompanied by its rushing sound, and the well-known cry of 'Ware ager,' ready to lend a hand should



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CROOKSBURY: THE TANK GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the vessel drag her anchor, or, being heavily laden, get swamped by the swell. As soon as the 'ager' is passed, and the commotion caused by it has subsided, all is bustle and animation on the river." Even in Mr. Stonehouse's day, however, the bores on this river showed considerable decline in height and strength, owing to the great number of very large warping drains then under construction. Terrible havoc, both from inundation by the sea and bores on the Trent and Witham, was inflicted on this part of the country in 1571, the year of the memorable high tide on the coast of Lincolnshire. The ruin, devastation, and panic caused by this "act of God" are admirably recalled in Miss Ingelow's poem on the subject. The first warning was sounded from the tower of St. Botolph's, Boston, whose bells rang out the alarm, called "The Brides of Enderby," as the abnormally large bore appeared in the Witham:

"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe the Brides of Enderby.
They sayde. And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea,
They ring the tune of Enderby."

A few lines now in explanation of the word "ager," or "eagre," as it is spelt to-day, or "hygre," as Camden calls it, applied to a bore. Some authorities state that its etymology is unknown. As a matter of fact, it is but a corruption of *aegia*, *aga*, to flow, from which Finn Magunsen derives the name of the Scandinavian god Ægir. The sailors on the Trent, therefore, with the cry "Ware ager," only give warning, as the Norsemen would do ages ago.

There does not appear to have been any bore on the Parret since the year 1857, while on the Witham bores entirely disappeared when a new cut was made, by which the sandbanks



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A CORNER IN THE NEW GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

were avoided and the mouth carried to comparatively deep water. Again, the Seine in France once suffered considerably from bores, which rise near Candebec whenever a high flood tide sets in strongly against the downward course of the river. The height of the crest was formerly about 7ft., although above Tancarville it sometimes attained a height of 10ft., and travelled at the rate of twelve miles an hour. This bore has been practically put a stop to by the erection of training walls.

The great bores of the world are to be encountered in the Tsien-Tang-Kiang, flowing into the China Sea, in the Amazon River, and in the Ganges, Brahmaputra, Indus, Hooghley, and Sittang. Of these, that of the Tsien-Tang-Kiang is undoubtedly the most celebrated, for here the bore travels up the river at every tide, with a crest of 11ft. in height and one mile wide, while the noise which it makes can be heard at a distance of fifteen miles. It is regarded by the Chinese with superstitious reverence, for tradition accounts for it as follows: "Many hundred years ago



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CROOKSBURY: THE NEW HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

there was a certain general who had obtained many victories over the enemies of the Emperor. This made him popular among his countrymen, but excited the jealousy of his Sovereign, who caused him to be assassinated and thrown into the Tsien-Tang-Kiang, where his spirit conceived the idea of bringing the tide in from the ocean in such force as to overwhelm the city of Hankow, then the magnificent capital of the Empire. The Emperor became alarmed at the loss and distress caused by these constantly recurring inundations, and tried to propitiate the spirit by burning paper and offering food upon the sea-wall. This having no effect, however, the Bhota Pagoda was erected to his memory at the spot where the worst breach in the embankment had been made. After it was built the bore continued, but did not flood the country." Interesting observations were made and photographs taken of this bore by Captain Moore, R.N., of the surveying ship Rambler, in 1888, and again in 1892. On each occasion thousands of Chinese lined the banks to assist in the proceedings by throwing offerings to the general's spirit into the stream. The broken water in rear of this bore is often disturbed by a secondary roller, which leaps up in breakers, rising to a height of 30ft. above the level of the smooth water in front. For the protection of the river craft the inhabitants have constructed a number of shelter platforms along the banks. The bore washes the junks up on to these platforms, where a buttress deflects

the wave, and there the craft are temporarily stranded until the flood tide floats them again in safety.

In the Hooghly River of Bengal the bores are no longer considered dangerous, as all boats and ships are ready prepared for them. Nevertheless, when the spring tides are on the scene is an exciting one. At low water the observer may notice nothing but a long, slimy bank fringing a dull stream. Suddenly the air is rent with shouts and cries, as the foam-tipped wall of water, seldom more than 5ft. in height, is seen rounding the point at Fort William, converting the placid stream into an impetuous flood, filling the river, and covering its banks. On the shallow Sittang River in Burmah the bore is an imposing spectacle, on account of its great width—two miles; its height, though, has never been known to exceed 6ft., and it is usually much less. Here the bore was once the cause of a serious disaster to a British regiment which was being transported in boats. The officer in charge, though warned of the bore, insisted upon the boats going off and stopping at hours fixed beforehand and notified by bugle-call; hence many of them were caught amidships and swamped. Lastly, there are the bores in the Amazon River at the time of the equinoxes, which attain 15ft. in height, and follow each other in quick succession. It is said that within the space of 200 miles five such mighty waves may be seen travelling simultaneously up the river.

AT THE SEASIDE.

LIKE the desire for migration that takes certain birds recurrently, there is a season of the year at which it seems proper to wives that the family should go to the seaside. In London, when it is stuffy and the heat is, as usual, "abnormal," the thought of the breezes off the sea and the lazy out-of-door life of the seaside is full of delight. But one takes some moving, and I understand that I am not alone among fathers of families in presenting some obstruction to the practical working out of the seaside plan. The motives that move families to the sea are no doubt mixed. The desire to escape for awhile—even in lodgings that may not come up to the highest ideal of comfort—the daily cares of housekeeping, is probably not without its perfectly proper influence on the sentiments of the housewife, but the ostensible motive is that the children require the bracing of ozone, and it is hard to make headway against this class of argument. Finally, as I raise one slight objection after another, to be swept away as lightly as the children's sand forts will shortly be washed flat by the incoming tide, my wife says: "But I have bought baby a spade and bucket," and that incautiously incurred expense seems to clinch the matter. There is no more to be said. Let us bow to the inevitable and snuff ozone.

One knows, by experience of former years, that there will be moments in which one will regret the decision. "Are there any insects here?" the tourist in *Punch* is represented as asking the



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JILL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

landlady, receiving the obliging answer, "None at present, sir, but we can procure you some." It is not in every lodging by the sea that the civility of the landlady will be taxed to import them; we have found them there already, without any seeking. But this is to suggest a horror that we may hope, with ordinary fortune, to evade. The question of baths is likely to be more important,

and the landlady to be less obliging than she who is immortalised in *Punch* in offers to procure them. At the seaside, it appears to be the view of certain ladies who let lodgings (they are always "ladies") that bathing in the house shows a scorn of the glorious opportunities for a bath provided by the ocean. But there are days in this changeable climate in which bathing in the sea, exposed to the untempered winds, is not an unmixed delight. The bath with a tin lid, that can be used for the purposes of a packing-case on the journey, is not a little to be commended, and no self-respecting family going to the seaside should be without one. At a pinch it will serve as an aquarium for the crabs and limpets that the family will delight in collecting, and bringing in, alive and kicking, to the sitting-room. It is not to be expected that the days will pass without their accidents. The picture of baby rehearsing, without her Jack, the part of JILL in the nursery rhyme, is not a sketch of fancy, but taken by the camera, which is destitute of imagination. In her fall she lost grip of the spade,



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A BONE OF CONTENTION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which at once became A BONE OF CONTENTION to some marauding dogs. A supply of sticking-plaster and the contents of a small medicine chest are only too likely to come in useful during the visit. The question of bathing costume is not important for the male juvenile members of the party. The boys bathe in shoals in the suits that are their birthright, and their wonderful loss of individuality, the impossibility of identifying one's own boy among the crowd of BATHING URCHINS in this state of nudity, is so very remarkable as to suggest new lights on



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BATHING URCHINS.

"Sartor Resartus," and a fear that the boys may imagine a novel form of practical joke in putting on each other's clothes when they come out, and presenting themselves as changelings to the bewildered eyes of each other's parents. The sorting, without their help, would be a work of no little difficulty. One of the most fearful and most delightful joys of the seaside is the DONKEY-RIDING. There is a pleasant and pretty touch of Nature in seeing one of the lady donkeys with a young foal at her side as she awaits the call to work, and it would be interesting to know the additional value that this gives to her services on the beach, for the children always ask to be allowed to ride on THE DONKEY WITH THE BABY. None other of the tribe need think of getting a job until this one's services have been engaged. The actual boating is one of the seaside pursuits that the children care for perhaps least, and it is merciful that it is so, for if not actually perilous, it is an occasion to the mother, whether she watches from the shore or accompanies them in the boat, of the cruellest anguish of mind. The children seem to concur rather with Dr. Johnson's description of a boat as "a prison with a chance of being drowned." It is not the chance of being drowned that enters into their calculations, but the certainty of something rather like imprisonment in the necessity of having to sit more or less still, in a narrowly confined space, all the while that the boat is at sea. When the boys, or the girls too for that matter, begin to get a little older, so as to have ambitions for the management of a boat on their own account, or when fishing enters into the calculation, then it is that they begin to find joy in boating, and then it is that a boatman of trusty character, and force of mind enough to put down with the horny hand all signs of mutiny on the part of the ship's company, begins to be a person with whom you should carefully make friends by means of appropriate largesse. But for the smaller children the shore is good enough, as it is likely to be for yourself.

The occupations of the seaside consist of taking a book down to the beach, seating yourself, and finding the place where you left off, then laying it down and watching the children, the boats, the sea, the visitors, and all the rest of the panorama, until you are surprised to find that it is luncheon-time, and that you have an appetite. The rest of the day is similarly occupied, with the possible addition of picking up a few shells, or a bathe, and then it is dinner-time; and after such a hard day's work in the open air you are ready to go to sleep as soon as dinner is over. Then

there will be wet days, when you will be occupied with vainly trying to keep the children quiet, in wondering why you came, and consulting Bradshaw as to the trains for town; but if the next day dawns gloriously you will think of Bradshaw and of London no more.

IN THE GARDEN.

POLYGONUM BALDSCHUANICUM.

THIS is a new hardy climber of much beauty. We have written of it before in COUNTRY LIFE, but it is recalled to mind by the plants now in flower in the Royal Gardens, Kew. There it has become thoroughly established, in one instance as a pillar climber, and in the other as one of those delightfully free-growing plants that will run into trees and clothe their branches with trails of blossom. This is precisely what the Polygonum has accomplished. On the rock garden

there is a decrepit conifer. Perhaps it has some interesting history, otherwise we should imagine a tree in such a position would have disappeared years ago, but it is made beautiful now by the Polygonum having run into its branches, draping its stems with fresh green growth and glorious sprays of flowers, misty and pink-tinted. We enjoyed this picture of an almost unknown climber, so beautiful in its veil of pink bloom, and these sprays appear for many weeks. We are told, too, that they last well in water, and table decorators should find in this flower a means of making a fresh departure. Although it is liable to destruction by frost as far as the branches are concerned, new growths spring up from the base each year, and we understand propagation may be accomplished by layers, seed, and cuttings.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE DONKEY WITH THE BABY.

Copyright

THE TRANSVAAL DAISY (GERBERA JAMESONI).

We read recently of the new Transvaal Daisy, but the plant has been established for many years in gardens where rare and beautiful things are sheltered. We saw it on a warm sunny border of light soil at Kew many years ago; indeed, we believe that was the first occasion of its flowering. A photograph of it was recently sent to the writer, showing a plant in bloom in the nurseries of Messrs. R. Veitch and Son, of Exeter, and in the accompanying note it is mentioned that "when once established, there is no handsomer or more showy plant among hardy perennials. The plant has stood three winters out of doors with no more protection than a branch or two of Spruce Fir to keep



Copyright AT THE SEASIDE: DONKEY-RIDING. "C.L."

off excessive moisture. During the whole of the summer it has flowered continuously, bearing quite a large number of flowers, 3 in. to 4 in. across, and of the most dazzling orange scarlet colour. The stiff stems are quite 18 in. to 24 in. in length." The Gerbera is very beautiful when in this health, and it may interest those who intend to plant it to know that the position in which it is placed faces south, and is just outside a cool greenhouse. Perhaps the slight warmth of the greenhouse may have assisted the plant. Stagnation or anything approaching frequent dampness of the soil means death. A warm, light soil, and a covering of spruce branches in severe winters, should ensure success. But the Gerbera will never, we think, become generally grown. It does not take kindly to our humid, changeable climate. The free, bright air and sunshine of the Transvaal are more congenial to it. There its brilliant orange scarlet flowers, so picturesque and beautiful in formation, make groups of colour on the wild veldt.

A VARIEGATED JAPANESE VINE.

A correspondent sends us the following interesting note upon this Vine: "*Vitis heterophylla variegata*, a slender-growing Japanese Vine, is an old plant in gardens, and one that may be readily applied to different purposes, while it is of much interest, owing to the fact that it is the best variegated leaved representative of the Vine family that we have. It is essentially a climber, and for draping a rafter, or a similar position, in a sunny greenhouse it is very pretty, while when employed in the flower garden, as is sometimes done, it forms a tangled mass of slender stems clothed with prettily-marked leaves, whose variegation is more pronounced during hot dry summers than it is when the weather is dull and wet. When at its best the leaves are marbled and mottled with white, some of the youngest leaves being almost entirely of this latter tint, to which the purplish pink of the stems furnishes a direct contrast. It is readily propagated by cuttings of the young shoots taken during the spring months, and, if these plants are grown on, they form useful objects for the decoration of the greenhouse. The second season they will be large enough for pots 5 in. or 6 in. in diameter, and if tied to a stick about 2 ft. high the slender side shoots will dispose themselves in an informal way, thus presenting an attractive and uncommon appearance."

THE FUCHSIA IN LARGE POTS AND TUBS OUTDOORS.

The Fuchsia plays a greater part each year in the summer garden, and no handsomer flower exists for the purpose. Groups of specimens smothered with bloom, hanging gracefully from the sheaves of foliage, are more picturesque than an elaborate arrangement of sub-tropical things, and the present plan of massing them upon the grass, in the way we see in many of the parks, is very happy. A correspondent sends the following most useful notes about the matter, and gives cultural details too: "Where the flower garden is of limited size—and few flower-lovers find it large enough—there is no better way of increasing the supply of flowers than by growing plants in tubs or big pots, and standing them in odd places, such as on the edges of lawns or gravel paths, doorsteps, paved courts, terraces, etc.; and few plants make a finer show, and for a longer time, than Fuchsias 5 ft. high, as trees or bushes. They are more interesting, more graceful, and less common than similar pots and tubs crammed with Geraniums. The varieties of Fuchsias are almost infinite, but those that will grow to anything like the size above-mentioned are comparatively few, being only those with the most robust constitutions. One that I have grown as a sturdy tree 6 ft. high (including the pot) is named *Mme. Chretien*, having scarlet sepals, and very large double white corolla with red veins. There is probably no Fuchsia to beat or even equal this for its sturdy habit, free blooming, rapid growth, and hardiness. Its only disadvantage is that it does not come into bloom (as an outdoor Fuchsia) until the middle of August, though it will keep on, like most Fuchsias, until the frost stops it. I have had it in full bloom at the end of November by covering it up on sharp, frosty nights. Another strong grower and free bloomer is *Charming*, with scarlet sepals, with a shade darker single corolla. Beauty of the West is suitable for making a big bush or tree, having white sepals and single pink corolla. Others that might be named for

this purpose are *Glorv* (red sepals with widely expanded purple corolla), the well-known *Rose of Castille*, *Royal Standard*, and others, of which any nurseryman can supply the names.

"THE BEST SOIL FOR FUCHSIAS"

is a mixture of two-thirds loam and one-third leaf mould, to which should be added some well-rotted manure and coarse sand, and a little bone meal or dust. Good drainage is essential, and first put over it some pieces of loose turf or light manure. Fuchsias must have plenty of root room if they are to make big plants, and it is much better to shift them frequently, say from sixty-sized pots to forty-eights, and from forty-eights to thirty-twos, and so on, than it is to put them straight away into twenty-fours or twelves. When they are doing well as small plants in the summer they will sometimes stand shifting every three weeks, and each change seems to give them a spurt. As soon as they are getting established in a pot they should have liquid manure three or four times a week, and the diet should be varied, say a nitrogenous guano and dissolved bones alternately, using soft water if possible, as it dissolves the phosphates better. Care must be taken to keep the water stirred, or the bottom of the can may be too strong. One thing Fuchsias revel in, and that is night air, with its accompanying dampness, and hence it is that Fuchsias in the house never look so luxuriantly healthy as those out of doors. The leaves should be sprinkled in the evening in dry weather, which is also the best time of the day to water them. As they do not like getting very dry, partial shade suits them better than a very hot corner. They are in their glory in the late summer and autumn.

"KEEPING FUCHSIAS THROUGH THE WINTER."

"When Fuchsias become woody shrubs, as they soon do, they can be kept through the winter in the cellar, coach-house, or other cool place, where there is unlikely to be at the most more than two or three degrees of frost. April is the month when they want most care, but although wanting light and air, their tender shoots cannot stand hot sun or frost. The best thing to do under these circumstances is to set them in a sheltered corner of the garden and well cover them up at night, the old wood keeping the young shoots from getting broken. When covering up is no longer necessary, the old dead wood should be cut out with a pair of rose scissors. Fuchsias are no exception to other plants in the matter of enemies, the most troublesome one being invisible. When you look at the shoots, to see if flower buds are appearing, the ends or points are sometimes blackened and growth stopped. It is necessary to be forewarned, and dust the plants with tobacco powder for a month or so before buds are expected to appear, and after a day or so wash it off with a rose. This sprinkling of the leaves also helps to keep off the microscopic enemy, as it does not like wet.

"When the Fuchsias get their final shift, as regards size of pot, they will not need repotting for two or three years if well fed with liquid manure, especially if basic slag, bone meal, or bone dust has been mixed with the soil. Some ½ in. bones, too, are useful; they gradually become available as plant food, and create drainage at the same time."

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—Bulbs: Messrs. James Carter and Co., 237-238, High Holborn; Leonard Brown, Brentwood, Essex; Frank Dicks and Co., 66, Deansgate, Manchester; William Fromow and Sons, Sutton Court Nurseries, Chiswick. Bulbs and Flower Roots: Messrs. Fisher, Son, and Sibray, Limited, Royal Nurseries, Handsworth, Sheffield; Benjamin Soddy, 243, Walworth Road, S.E. Bulbs, Plants, and Hardy Aquatics: Maurice Pritchard, Riverslea Nursery, Christchurch, Hants. Bulbs, Herbaceous Plants, Roses, etc.: M. Cuthbertson, Rothesay, N.B. Carnations: William Cutbush and Sons, Highgate Nurseries, London, N. Choice Flowering Bulbs, Strawberries, and Select Roses: Dickson's, Chester. American Tree Seeds: Thomas Meehan and Sons, Germantown, Philadelphia, U.S.A. Trees and Shrubs: William Fell and Co., Hexham. Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Daffodils, and other Bulbs: Barr and Sons, 11, 12, and 13, King Street, Covent Garden, and Long Ditton, Surrey. Dutch and Cape Bulbs: Ant. Roozen and Son, Overveen, Haarlem, Holland; London Agents, Mertens and Co., 3, Cross Lane, St. Mary-at-Hill, E.C. Yellow Ground Picotees and Carnations: Mr. Albert Chatwin, 35, Wheeley's Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. Seeds and Bulbs: M.M. Vilmorin-Andrieux et Cie., Quai de la Mégisserie, Paris.



WHAT might have been a fairly interesting St. Leger was spoiled by the scratching of *Disguise II.* and the French colt, *Codoman*, both of whom—especially the former—had some pretensions to rivalry with *Flying Fox*; but the American colt, though doing steady work, has not yet recovered from the effects of the injury he received in the Derby, and *Codoman*, having been trained to fiddlestrings before the Deauville Meeting, could not very well have been sent to Doncaster in even decent condition. So the Leger of 1900 will not make any big mark in Turf history; nor is it at all unlikely that this race will gradually fade out of public favour unless the Doncaster Corporation bestirs itself, adds a substantial sum of money, and alters the conditions to be more in accord with modern ideas. One great trouble to Doncaster is that classic horses are never trained in the North now. Formerly the St. Leger represented an encounter between North and South, and in the days of John Scott the North had generally the advantage; but now it is seldom that you find a North Country-trained horse able to win even a handicap against the Southerners. Why this should be so it is hard to explain, for Yorkshire-bred yearlings are as good as ever they were, only most of them gravitate South. Of course we know that most of the big owners now like to have their horses trained at Newmarket, or within reasonably easy reach of town, but this does not account for the utter dearth of good winners from the North. Time after time it has been shown that great horses are not necessarily due to money. One need only cite the cases of *Queen Mary* and *Tomyns* in this connection; and it is strange indeed that amid the very large number of horses still trained in the North no bright particular star is ever found nowadays.

Possibly, the North Country trainers are slower than those in the South to

take to novel ideas; certain it is that several in the South have begun, however reluctantly, to recognise the necessity of the watch and of American methods. Thus it may be that they are going as far ahead of their Northern rivals as the Americans are, or have been, of them. There is, no doubt, an immense difference between American training and the primitive English methods. That has been proved to demonstration by such horses as Royal Flush, Sir Hercules, The Flying Greek, and many others, and, conversely, it has been proved by the fact that when Messrs. Duke and Wishard sold off their stable in this country some years ago for large prices no English trainers were able to maintain the winning form of the horses. Our men have throughout been groping in the dark, just as he would be who should try to train a pedestrian or sculler without the use of the watch. Without constant and careful use of the watch no trainer knows what he is about. Yet so pig-headed are we in our insular obstinacy that it may be years yet before we will open our eyes to the light which is glaring before us.

The announcement made in our advertising columns that the Russley Park Estate is to be sold by auction next week is one which will be read with interest by everyone who has studied the story of the British Turf. From the days of Mr. James Merry to those of the Duke of Westminster, from Mathew Dawson to Robert Peck, Russley was the training stable for the highest class of our thorough-breds. It was from there that Doncaster went out to win his sensational Derby and land a 40 to 1 chance; it was from there, too, that both he and Marie Stuart were despatched to Doncaster to fight out the question of superiority to a finish—and such a desperate finish!—in the St. Leger of the year.

These events were big with the future development of our bloodstock, for Doncaster, who was such a fat yearling that any less patient trainer than Robert Peck would have broken him down or discarded him as a two year old, went on from strength to strength, and ended in a blaze of triumph by winning the Ascot Cup and Alexandra Plate as a five year old; but only thus prelude greater triumphs still when in his first stud season he should sire Bend Or and establish the racing fortunes of the late

Duke of Westminster. Bend Or also was trained at Russley by Robert Peck, and few more brilliant horses up to 1½ miles have ever run, though he had not the hardiness and stamina of his sire. It fell to him, however, and to Muncaster to repeat, and in Bend Or's case to improve upon, the stud success of Doncaster, for the incomparable Ormonde was one of the flaxen-maned chestnut's first sons, and Ormonde again in his first stud year begat Orme, who only missed one season before he crowned the edifice with Flying Fox. Russley has a big share in all this, and if we go further back, to the days of Sunshine and her sire Thormanby, Sunbeam, and many others, we shall find that Russley has interwoven itself with our Stud Book to an imperishable extent. Mr. Houldsworth now, and in a less degree Mr. Douglas Baird, depend for their racing success on mares tracing to the old breed which used to be trained for Mr. James Merry at Russley. It is sincerely to be hoped that the old place will be bought by some good sportsman who will maintain its traditions, and I know of no house and estate that could be bought in England so suitable for one of our rich American invaders to secure, whether as a breeding stud or a training establishment. There are 112 acres of good grass land, with room enough to make a good gallop there, independent of the neighbouring downs.

It has been stated that the famous French stallion Upas, by Dollar, will stand in England next season. If this can be arranged, such an event would be immensely to the benefit of our bloodstock, for Upas is the best living descendant (grandson) of the Flying Dutchman, and as the sire of Omnium II. and Elf II. (winner of the Ascot Cup) is well known in England. His owner, Count de Berteux, is at present shooting in Caithness, and, therefore, the business has not been definitely settled, but there is every reason to hope that it soon will be. So great is the demand for the Flying Dutchman blood, through Dollar, that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild went so far as to send two mares—Goletta and another—to Upas in France last year, and they have each a fine foal by him at Leighton Buzzard. Upas himself won the French Derby and other classic races.

OUTPOST.



AT THE THEATRE

THE revival of "Julius Cæsar" at Her Majesty's Theatre restores to the stage one of the finest Shakespearean performances the present decade has seen; which means, so far as beauty and splendour in stage

presentment are concerned, the finest that any decade has seen. "Julius Cæsar" at Her Majesty's in many ways marks an epoch in the stage history of Shakespeare. The freshness and novelty of its treatment, the "humanisation" of an austere historical classic, are bright-hued feathers in the cap of Mr. Tree. The mad frenzy of the scene in the Forum excelled anything we had been shown hitherto in the treatment of stage "crowds."

It is as though Mr. Tree had plucked from the heart of the tragedy its innermost motive; had read the intention of the poet to be the exemplification of the fickleness of the proletariat, ready to be swayed by any master mind—or any master of glib phrases for that matter—and had concentrated all his energy, all his artistic feeling, in placing the expression of that intention irresistibly upon the stage. It is Democracy run mad. It is the hydra-headed mob lending its myriad ears to every phrase-monger that comes along. The simple-minded assassin Brutus is at one moment a god; his self-vindication is a triumph. "Ambition—Liberty" are the two catchwords of his oration. With them he sweeps the mob along with him, makes the name of the dead Cæsar detestable. Then comes Marc Antony. He is howled down; only the patronage of Brutus and his own hauteur prevents the plebeians stoning the aristocrat. He calls himself a "plain blunt man," this subtle word-monger, this player with phrases. Brutus and his abettors are all, "all honourable men." He repeats the praise till they weary of it; its iteration, affirmatively, hesitatingly, doubtfully, scornfully, vindictively, "gets on the nerves" of his hearers. It irritates them beyond endurance, and they, unknowing, place the cause of the irritation on the heads of the men whom they have just been worshipping. It is a scathing satire on the Wisdom of the Many, on Universal Suffrage, on the government

by majority, as true to-day as in the spacious days of great Elizabeth when the play was penned. And this is the scene put upon the stage of Her Majesty's with a realism impossible to overpraise, a tornado of effect, a frenzy of passion quite unequalled in the memory of the oldest playgoer. Many changes in the cast have taken place since the original production of the play at this house. The most important of them is the appearance of Mr. Taber as Cassius. We lament the loss of poor Franklin McLeay, but Mr. Taber gives a fine rendering of the character. He plays it with a breadth we should not have given him credit for. There is a distinction, a roundness in his method thoroughly illuminating, and Mr. Taber suggests, with a just sufficient subtlety, the scheming nature of the man who, Iago-like, hides his cunning beneath a bluff exterior, and renders the more forcible his casuistry because of the apparent openness of the character. The quarrel-scene with Brutus was admirably done.

Mr. Murray Carson replaces Mr. Fulton as Julius Cæsar, and acts with dignity, power, and authority that none too easy part. Mr. Carson has a curious individuality not always attractive, but always distinctive and attention-compelling. Miss Lena Ashwell is now the Portia, and nothing could have been more tender or more human. Even to blank-verse Miss Ashwell brings that natural unconventional method of hers which gives simplicity and humanity to the lines without destroying their sonority. Mrs. Tree makes a graceful and earnest Calpurnia; Mr. Beveridge is hardly suited to the part of Casca. Once again Mr. Lewis Waller is the Brutus, and once again the splendid tones of his voice, the perfection of his elocution, and the dignity of his manner tell as they always must in characters such as these. Mr. Tree's Marc Antony is once again a fine example of what an actor of acute sensibility and artistic feeling can do with a part unsuited to his personality. Nothing could be better than his anguish and passion over the corpse of Cæsar, nothing could be more convincing or more natural than his broken delivery of the oration in the Forum. Admirable assistance is given by Mr. Percival Stevens, Mr. Gerald Lawrence, Mr. Cookson, and Miss Ruby Ray.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER'S reappearance in Mr. Carton's most entertaining comedy, "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," at the Criterion Theatre, was made the occasion of an "invitation night," and the bright and amusing play never "went better." It improves on a second hearing, which is a severe test to apply to any piece which has not the embellishment of music. The sparkle of its dialogue, and the fun—with flashes of sentiment—of its, doubtless, somewhat artificial intrigue, are wholly pleasurable; and, acted as it is at the Criterion, a more pleasant two hours could not be spent than in the company of Miss Compton's lady-cook, Mr. Eric Lewis's rural dean, Mr. Bouchier's "spoony" military-man, and the rest of the amiable people included in Mr. Carton's *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Boucicault's vivid study of a dipsomaniac, though a little heavy for so light a play, is essential to the dramatic scheme, for were the detestable husband less detestable, our sympathy for Lady Huntworth would be less acute, and that would weaken the crux of the play. Mr. Boucicault's performance, on these lines, is a remarkably fine piece of acting.

SO far the season has begun most auspiciously, commercially speaking. According to authoritative statements, both "Nell Gwyns," at the Haymarket and Prince of Wales's, are drawing crowded houses, and Mr. Grundy's new play, "A Debt of Honour," is attracting large audiences at the St. James's. It is distinctly a piece for "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" public—which will appeal to that class which Mr. George Alexander has educated to accept serious work unsuitable to young ladies in their "teens." While we should not like works of this kind to take any general hold of our theatres, their presentation from time to time at playhouses where they will be treated with dignity and restraint is absolutely necessary if the modern English Drama is to be a real and living thing, holding the mirror up to Nature. Mr. Alexander, in alternating grave works of modern life with romantic costume plays, pursues a policy thoroughly eclectic, broad-minded, and praiseworthy. Maybe, Mr. Alexander will make "Paola and Francesca" the succeeding production to "A Debt of Honour"; then, indeed, will Mr. Stephen Phillips be a man to be envied, for, a newcomer as a dramatist, he will be the proud author of two poetical plays running simultaneously at leading London theatres, as "He od" will follow the revival of "Julius Caesar" at Her Majesty's. Mr. Phillips, alone among the dramatists of to-day, has claims to rank above the "minor" poets; his published "Paola and Francesca" alone would prove that, even were there no other evidence of his powers. It is many a long day since a blank verse play has been produced upon the stage which has possessed any claims to be considered as literature or poetry.

A surprise has come upon us in reference to the immediate future of the Lyceum Theatre. It was regarded as a settled thing that Mr. Martin Harvey was to be seen there almost at once in "Romeo and Juliet," and also a new play. We were looking forward with a great deal of interest to his performance of Romeo, and wondering who would be his Juliet. Mr. Harvey has secured a "following" of playgoers, that most valuable asset in the theatrical business, and, while it would be untrue to assert that he has yet taken a hold upon the big playgoing public, still, his earnestness and artistic sense are winning for him an enviable position in his calling. His work in this direction has been interrupted by the announcement that Mr. William Mollison, that fine actor who played the King of France in "King John," and the King in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Her Majesty's, has secured the Lyceum for a season, and will open that house at the end of this month.

Mr. Mollison was to have been associated with Miss Julia Neilson in her temporary management of the Haymarket, but the projected partnership fell through. Mr. Mollison will produce a drama by Mr. Seymour Hicks and Mr. F. G. Latham, who collaborated in the Adelphi melodrama "With Flying Colours." It is a war play, but the authors desire it to be known that it is not a sensational piece of the rougher type. Mr. Mollison will have associated with him a strong list of artists, including the incomparable Miss Fanny Brough, Miss Lily Hanbury—who will then secede from "English Nell," at the Prince of Wales's—and, probably, Mr. George Giddens. Two scenes of the new play, it may be added, take place in Kimberley during the siege, and two are laid in England.

Meanwhile Mr. Seymour Hicks and his wife, Miss Ellaline Terriss, are busily rehearsing in the new three-act farcical comedy, "Self and Lady," which, adapted from the French, comes to us *via* America. Mr. Charles Frohman ran it there with much success, and is producing it at the Vaudeville in conjunction with the Messrs. Gatti. Report has it that it is one of the bustling farces of intrigue and doors and windows with which we are well acquainted; but, of course, this need be no drawback if the "situations" are sufficiently original and humorous.

But the public will probably regard with greater interest the play which is to follow "Self and Lady" under the same management. This is an adaptation by Mr. Henry Hamilton, one of the most poetical of modern dramatists, and Mr. Hicks, of the popular Charles II. novel, "Mistress Mary Fenwick"—if our memory serves us correctly as to the title of the book. This period has had an extraordinary run on it lately, and it will be much more pleasant to see the dainty Miss Terriss as the demure maiden of the Restoration than as the more or less characterless heroine of modern farce. Mr. Hicks will also be seen in this piece, and those who remember the extreme promise of his performance of the young Duc de Richelieu in "A Court Scandal" at the Court Theatre, will await his appearance in another "costume" part with considerable pleasure. Mr. Hicks stands in an enviable position. By many he is regarded as the only light comedian who one of these days will be worthy to step into the shoes of Mr. Charles Wyndham and Mr. Charles Hawtrey, now that they have deserted the frivolities of farce for the sobriety of comedy. Mr. Hicks has youth, personality, and abundance of high spirits. We know one manager at least who would be prepared to "go nap" on Mr. Hicks if he could secure his services for a term of years and his consent to play the heroes of farcical comedies of the "Brighton" and "The Candidate" type.

Keen is the anticipation of seeing a new play by Mr. J. M. Barrie, a curiosity shortly to be whetted by Mr. Arthur Bouchier's production at the Garrick Theatre. We are promised a piece of serious intent, though it is hardly necessary to assure us that the work will by no means be without humour. No work of Mr. Barrie's could. But that a very serious topic is discussed by Mr. Barrie in his new piece is an open secret. It deals with the

play of character upon character in the case of a "woman of the world" and a simple girl just leaving the age of innocence. Miss Violet Vanbrugh will play the former character and will find in it ample opportunity for that stress and passion of which she is mistress. Mr. Bouchier has also been fortunate to secure for his following production the next new play by Mr. Pinero.

PHŒBUS.

HABITS OF GAME.—III.

IT is perhaps rather late in the day to praise Mr. A. Stuart Wortley's book on the partridge, especially that portion of it which he devotes to the preservation of these most popular of all game birds, and in which he insists that the old plan of leaving them to themselves while keepers turn themselves into hen wives, and devote their whole time to the pheasant coops, is a total mistake. Mr. Wortley recommends that two sets of keepers should be employed, each entirely independent of the other, and, although I cannot go so far as that, because of the overlapping that would in all cases take place, I would certainly advocate division after the head-keeper's place is filled by one in supreme command. There are many reasons why an under-keeper should not be left entirely with a beat to himself; if he is, the head-keeper's position is more of a name than a reality, and the keeper with a separate beat becomes a rival, honest or otherwise, as the case may be, whose best interest consists in lowering the employer's opinion of the head man, and enhancing it in regard to himself. Besides, if one head-keeper were in charge of pheasants and another had the care of partridges, it does not follow that the former would always hear of all the pheasant nests found by the latter, and to employ two men to hunt the game ground for nests is not economy, to say the least. Nevertheless the division of labour is excellent, and the author named above did great service in calling attention to the non-preservation of partridges which exists on very many highly-preserved pheasant estates. My own view is that a head-keeper should employ very little of his time in rearing pheasants; the work is really as much woman's work as is that of rearing chickens. No doubt he must give instructions, and know that they are carried out. It may be well to put an under-keeper in charge of the rearing of pheasants, and let him select his own assistants—women, boys, or men, as the case requires. It is necessary that where large numbers of pheasants are reared somebody should be always on the watch on the rearing fields, and this cannot possibly be so if the people there employed have, occasionally even, to look after mowing-machines that may cut up partridge nests, to say nothing of setting a watch over every partridge nest on a large beat, and guarding it from its natural as well as unnatural enemies.

A good keeper of partridges is rare in proportion to the difficulty of the work. A few years ago a question exercised shooters as to whether it was better to rely on a supply of eggs from wild pheasants or from penned-up birds. The answer was forced upon game preservers, for it was found that those who wanted larger and ever-increasing supplies of birds to shoot could not keep upon their own estates enough wild pheasants to supply the eggs required.

In the autumn and even in the winter the keepers feeding will to a very great extent keep pheasants at home; this is not always so, for the wild fruit of the hedges has a great attraction, and pheasants have to be shepherded as well as fed to keep them at home even until the end of October, and after this month is over their wandering habits increase greatly. They can nevertheless be held within control then, but when the warm spring comes and with it the new insect life, the pheasants will neglect the very best of foods which it is within the keeper's power to offer, and they wander then not merely up hedgerows, but all over the country in search of insect food, young vegetation, and secret places in which to nest. But in spite of this roving, the finding of pheasants' nests is a much less difficult business than the discovery of partridges' eggs. Wherever one or more hen pheasants wander to there will be a cock; he proclaims his whereabouts night and morning as usual, and very often besides at other times of the day at this season of the year. The keeper is informed of the whereabouts of nests by the crowing of the cocks; but he cannot prevent the birds wandering off his ground to nest, and this they are certain to do in large numbers if they are beyond some uncertain proportion to the bearing capacity of the ground. It may be called insect-bearing capacity, or pheasant bearing, the result is the same—the birds go. For this reason it was found necessary first to add to the picked up eggs a certain quantity of others laid in the pens; and then, afterwards, it was discovered that better results were obtained when keepers were independent of the wild birds; so that perhaps it would be within the mark to say that now ninety per cent. of the pheasants artificially reared are from pen eggs.

Nothing of this sort has yet been recognised as possible with partridges. It is easy to see that by the artificial plan the gamekeeper's attentions may be limited to his hatching pens, then, later, to his rearing fields, and later still to the covert or coverts into which he elects to take the cooped hens to hold together his young pheasants until they know their home. The pheasant keeper can therefore reduce his area of watchfulness so much as to have it all in view from one chosen point. The partridge keeper can do nothing of the kind; no one part of his ground is in the least degree more important than any other. He is a man with many troubles—as many troubles as there are nests upon his beat, which latter is likely enough to be three miles long. He must be a man of great tact and greater judgment; tact enough to make everybody his friend, but the poachers; and judgment enough to discern a false friend, and to which nests on his long beat most danger threatens; first, the danger from his human false friends; second, from his known enemies, the vermin, including of course that, to him, worst of all vermin, the foxes—worst only because he may not touch them; for they are easy enough to manage in a non-hunting country, as the Scotch keepers find them to be on the grouse moors.

The old idea was that the more left alone the partridges were the safer they would be, and no systematic hunting was done in order to find the nests; but the advantage of knowing every nest is in several directions. The keeper who knows them all misses the first that is lost, and can account for it, whereas if he only knew of a chance nest or two, twenty or more might be destroyed before he knew there was anything wrong. I do not believe that it is possible to deceive a good keeper as to what has happened to a nest of eggs. The first glance will generally satisfy him; it is possible that he may be in doubt whether it is the work of a regular poacher or a chance labourer, but as a rule only for a few minutes. If the ground is wet and it happens to be a labourer, he will, knowing who goes that way to his work, be able to track the man. If the ground is dry and there is only the disturbed vegetation to indicate the nature of the poacher, then the difference between the disturbed and trodden corn or grass

before the nest was reached and after it was passed will indicate the work of an amateur or a professional. The latter's tracks will show that he continued to search for more, whereas the former's will, probably, indicate that the enemy has been satisfied with his find, and either continued his walk towards his work or in the direction of his home, and has not searched in the next likely place to his lucky find.

It requires a great deal of tact to know how to handle cases of this kind. One of the neatest things I ever heard of was done by a keeper who, being morally certain that a labourer, believed to be honest, had been tempted and taken a nest of eggs, set the following trap for him. Knowing that the once fallen man would be tempted again, he placed bad eggs in a nest near the labourer's home; meantime the good eggs had been removed from the nest, and the leaves and grass with which they were covered by the bird had not been replaced. Then the keeper hid and watched; he was rewarded by seeing the labourer find the nest and pocket the bad eggs. Of course he might have made it very unpleasant for him at the next magistrates' meeting; but he did not wish to make a confirmed poacher or an everlasting enemy of the man, so he met him, wished him good morning, and, in the most matter-of-fact way possible, told him that he could not allow the usual shilling for that find of eggs. "It's a bad lot," said he; "mind they don't break in your pocket, or your coat will stink; but," he added, "there's a nest in that hedge," indicating the exact spot of the previously-stolen nest, "and if you'll bring them up to my house this afternoon I'll pay for them, so as not to disappoint you for your kind intentions; they are in danger there." That afternoon the stolen eggs arrived, the shilling was paid, and the men were good friends, the would-be poacher with a higher respect for his friend the keeper. But this was not the whole of the story, as when the eggs were first missed the keeper had taken occasion to put a lot of false eggs in the nest, so that the old bird continued to lay in it, and when her sitting began these were again changed for her stolen eggs, which were duly hatched out.

It is not every nest that gives as much trouble to preserve as this one did, nor is it every keeper who would have had the proper sort of wit to save the loss of the eggs and to prevent the making of a poacher at a single stroke; but it goes without saying that such tact as this has an effect on the mind of those who hear of it, and gives so much popularity and status to a keeper that he is not called upon to act energetically very often. That was the case with this man, who, although a busy, active man, always seemed to know a great deal more about everybody and everything than he had time to find out for himself. He was the eyes and the ears of the estate management. With a pheasant's nest the business of the keeper would have been ended, and wonderfully well finished, too, when he got back the eggs; but in partridge preservation the economy depends upon making every old bird hatch a full covey. It cannot be done for them with any good results. The partridges are easy enough to rear, but when reared they are wanderers and do not necessarily remain at home. If pheasants stray away to breed, the alternative is penned birds; but when the coveys of partridges break up between February 1st and 20th, from then until the laying time, at about the middle of May, the old birds are constantly doing their best to drive away the young ones. The latter fight, too, amongst themselves, but not as much. Possibly the fighting of the young birds does not do very much harm unless the neighbouring estates are very short of birds, and when that is the case I believe that large quantities of pairs seek peace and quietness away from their own ground. Certainly they have to do so when many old birds are left. This shows how very difficult it must be to get up a large head of partridges in a badly-preserved country. The thing is easy enough when neighbours preserve well, but quite the reverse when one estate has to supply partridges to a dozen. That is why Lord Ashburton's success at the Grange in Hampshire is more unique even than the record partridge bags make it.

The difference between pheasant and partridge preservation, as usually conducted, is that from the time the pheasant's egg is laid until its chick is big enough to turn into the woods it is always under the eye of the keeper. On the contrary, the partridge has to take its chance while the bird is laying and sitting, and in the early stages of rearing the chicks. The first-named periods, those of laying and sitting, can be brought more or less under control, for although the incubator has seldom been used as an assistant to partridge preservation, its use can be extended. The plan adopted is to take the wild birds' eggs as they are laid, and in their stead place imitation china eggs, then to incubate the wild birds' eggs up to the point of chipping the shell, when they are again placed under the parent bird to hatch out. It seems very simple, but it is not; for it is quite possible to suppose that it would be very difficult to find the sitting partridge off her nest for the purpose of the change, and, of course, if she is driven off it she will not, for a certainty, come back again. If a keeper had to wait several hours for a partridge to go off her eggs to feed, what, meantime, would he do with the hatching eggs? A movable nest with a sitting hen carried about in a basket would seem to be possible, but I have never seen it tried.

I asked for suggestions in a late article as to why some counties were good for grouse and for partridges and others never were, and hardly ever seem to respond as they should to good keeping. I think that there are many reasons, some as yet unknown; but of those we know anything about, may it not be that the demand of nesting birds for room appears to be the most difficult to deal with? And it is possible that no individual efforts will do much as long as all the rest of the landowners in a bad game county remain content with "as you were."

Grouse driving in Scotland has beaten England so far this year, as I indicated might be the case in a previous issue. Moy Hall holds the day's record for a driving moor for Scotland, and this year it has again reached high-water mark, which it had failed to do for several years past. Shooting was as follows: August 28th, 10 guns, 807 brace; August 29th, 8 guns, 606½ brace; August 30th, half a day, 7 guns, 148½ brace; August 31st, 8 guns (driven home by wet and wind), 108 brace. Thus the MacKintosh got 1,670 brace in the four days, and could easily have got 2,000 brace had the second two days been carried through. As there are a good many dog moors where the bag will greatly exceed this, it does not appear to be as much a proof of the value of driving as the Moy management was expected to be a few years ago; especially is this so when we remember that for several years Moy has rendered no account of itself. The Duke of Devonshire's moors have yielded about 3,000 brace for the season, and at present no better record for Yorkshire has come to hand than that of Sir E. Green's six guns, who got 906½ brace in the three days on the Holgate moors in the North Riding; but then no exact results are at present forthcoming from those Yorkshire moors where they do as at Moy in Inverness-shire—try to get all the shooting possible into four days. I am sorry to say partridges are generally bad.

ARGUS OLIVE.



AN interesting announcement appeared a short time ago that one of our publishers intended to make the experiment of issuing a series of new novels, by English writers, in paper backs, somewhat in the style in which the Tauchnitz Library is issued abroad. Whether the venture will prove financially successful depends of course on a host of considerations, many of them unconnected, unhappily, with the tastes or wishes of the reading public. The retail bookseller in England is said to have a rooted objection to paper-covered books, and refuses to "subscribe" for them. In other words, he will not order large numbers of copies in advance. And as the publisher who issues a book likes to have copies subscribed, in order that he may be sure of at least a certain sale before publication, he has hitherto in England tabooed the paper-covered book.

There have been, and are, of course, exceptions. Mr. Arrowsmith's shilling library of "shockers," of which "Called Back" will be most generally remembered, was a great financial success, and of course there are now numberless sixpenny editions of fiction published in paper covers. Mr. Heinemann, too, not long ago published such an edition called the "Pioneer" series, if I remember right, though in this case there was an alternative edition bound in cloth at a slightly higher price for those who were determined to have their novels bound.

But on the whole the fact remains that hitherto the paper covered novel has not been popular with the publishers and the booksellers in England. On the Continent the case is reversed. In France novels are practically always issued with paper backs, and the reader at least, especially if he is also a buyer, has cause to bless the practice. He pays less for his novel, and if, after reading it, he finds it worth preserving as a permanent addition to his library, he can have it bound in a simple but distinctive manner at small expense and keep it on his shelves. The price of book and binding together is hardly more than the price of the bound book would have been.

Meantime consider the saving effected on the looks he buys but does not bind. Nine-tenths of the novels he reads are not worth keeping. If he buys them for the railway train or the summer holiday, he throws them away as soon as they are read—sometimes before. So that if the one or two novels he would keep and bind will cost slightly more than they would cost ready bound, the few extra pence will be more than counter-balanced by the saving on the novels which he buys but does not bind. But the publishers may urge, "We are not anxious that a man should save money in buying our books. On the contrary, we think he hardly spends enough on them as it is. If he pays half-a-crown for a paper-backed book instead of three-and-sixpence for a cloth-bound one so much the worse for us. And, moreover, if he does decide to have his copy bound subsequently, the money will go to a binder and not to us. So that even so we stand to lose."

This is quite true, as far as it goes, but it is not the whole truth. The publishers confess, in their frank moments, that the sale of the six-shilling and the three-and-sixpenny novel in England is disappointing. Some of them are even hardy enough to regret the days of the old three-decker at thirty-one and sixpence supplied to Mudie's, and followed later by a "popular" edition. So that the publisher is not quite contented even with the present reign of the six-shilling and three-and-sixpenny bound novel. The question therefore arises whether it might not actually pay him better to make a slightly smaller profit on a paper-covered novel at a smaller price, in the hope that the public would then buy more novels, so that his sales would be numerically larger.

It is at least possible that this might be the result. The English one-volume bound novel is an unattractive volume. Its binding is too often clumsy, its paper thick and heavy, its shape awkward. Compare it with the dainty, simple Tauchnitz Library of English novels, so charming to hold, so light, so convenient in size, so well printed on good paper. Is it not possible that if English novels were brought out in this format, and the retail bookseller could be persuaded to give them a chance of selling, the English novel reader would buy far more copies than he does now, and the publisher's profits would be greater instead of less? Of course the novels could not be sold at the Tauchnitz price; authors' royalties, not to speak of other things, would prevent that. But at half-a-crown there should be a profit in them both for author and publisher, while the sale might be far greater than that of the ugly, bulky three-and-sixpenny bound novels at present offered us.

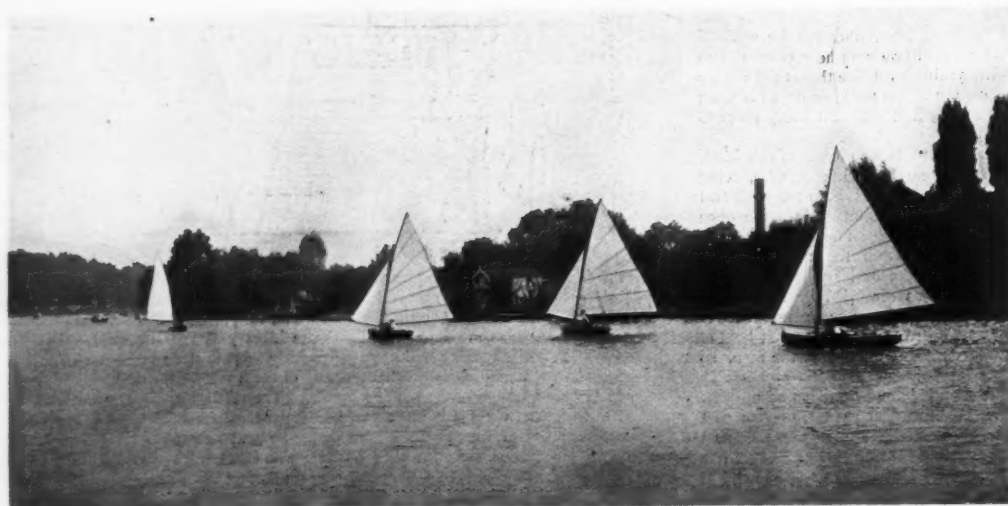
I have been tempted to dilate somewhat on this matter because it is one which has a real importance both to readers and to publishers, while if there is any truth in the stories of diminishing sales of modern novels—and I believe there is—the authors also might welcome some change in the direction I have indicated. If, therefore, it be true that one of our publishers meditates an issue of paper-covered novels in the French manner, or in a form resembling that of Tauchnitz, I congratulate him on his idea, and wish him success in it.

Mr. Arrowsmith has published a volume called "Gentlemen v. Players," in which are given all the scores that have been made in the matches between these teams since 1806. The book is edited by Mr. F. S. Ashley-Cooper, and dedicated to W. G. Grace, and should be invaluable to all lovers of good cricket.

Mr. Rowland Ward has issued a second edition of Major H. G. C. Swayne's "Seventeen Trips through Somaliland and a Visit to Abyssinia." The book well deserves to go into a second edition, and we hope yet others will be demanded. It has numerous illustrations and maps, and also descriptive notes on the fauna of the country.

The Leadenhall Press has issued a book on "The Principles of Warfare," by H. O. Blaker. The object of the volume, which costs a shilling only, is to endeavour to give the reader an outline of those main truths the thorough knowledge of which is essential to the successful conduct of a campaign. Mr. Blaker hopes that his book will be useful to all who study the progress of the war still being waged in South Africa, and so will be of interest to others besides the strictly professional reader.

Mr. W. S. Lilley, who is better known as a writer on historical and



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THE FIRST ROUND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

theological subjects, has decided to essay the novel, and Mr. John Lane is publishing from his pen a story entitled "A Year of Life." It will be interesting to see how the author of "The Great Enigma" and "Ancient Religion and Modern Thought" succeeds in fiction. But the modern novel has invaded so many fields, scientific, sociological, speculative, and religious, that the announcement that a professor of pure mathematics or an eminent political economist had plunged into fiction would hardly surprise me.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs is certainly one of the six most popular writers of the day, and those who read his delightful book, "Many Cargoes," will be anxious to see his new novel, "A Master of Craft," which Messrs. Methuen have published. "A Master of Craft" is a long story in the vein of "Many Cargoes." It narrates the adventures of a coasting skipper who, being engaged to three women at the same time, takes steps to disappoint two of them. It also deals with the assistance afforded him by the mate, and the results of the mistaken zeal displayed in his welfare by an elderly relation.

A new volume of war stories by the late Stephen Crane is published by Messrs. Methuen under the title of "Wounds in the Rain." Those who read "The Red Badge of Courage" will need no introduction to this volume. They will breathe the same atmosphere, take part in the same strenuous play of incident, of adventure, and of heroism.

Books to order from the library :
"Critical Studies." Ouida. (Fisher Unwin.)

"The Fourth Generation." Walter Besant. (Chatto and Windus.)
"A Book of Dartmoor." S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen.)
"The Man that Corrupted Hadleybury." Mark Twain. (Chatto and Windus.)
"Personal Recollections." H. Sutherland Edwards. (Cassell and Co.)
"The Autobiography of a Quack." S. Weir Mitchell. (Unwin.)
"The Soft Side." Henry James. (Methuen.)

LOOKER-ON.



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GADFLY WINNING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

CANOE . . . RACING.

IT is claimed by those who indulge in the pastime that canoe sailing and racing produce keener pleasure than any other form of boat or yacht sailing; that it is even a finer sport than handling, say, one of the Queen's Cup competitors at Cowes. Be this as it may, it is certain that a race between these miniature yachts of the Upper Thames is a pleasant and exciting spectacle, and many a worse afternoon might be spent than one on the river-side at Teddington when the members of the Royal Canoe Club and their craft are arrayed one against the other.

Everything in the design of the racing canoe is cut so fine that the slightest error of judgment on the part of its captain will spoil his chance in the race. Not an inch can be given away, and the manner in which the competitors round the buoys in most cases without touching is very skilful. The race on Saturday last proved this most conclusively. It was over a course of about four



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CURLEW AND VAGABOND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

miles and begun soon after three o'clock. Eft led over the line, closely followed by Gadfly, with Curlew next and Vagabond last, and although there were changes, the same order held good at the finish. On the turn down Gadfly passed Eft and rounded the bottom buoy with a slight lead, whilst Vagabond took third place. Gadfly, who was cleverly handled throughout by Mr.

G. E. Webster, held her lead till the finish, Eft closing up in the last round, while Curlew again went into third place. Mr. Hamerton, who sailed Vagabond for Mr. R. F. Lawson, had the misfortune to foul the bottom buoy, and was disqualified in consequence. After a good race Gadfly beat Eft, sailed by Mr. Linton Hope, by 16sec. Curlew (Mr. A. S. Hemingway) followed 1min. 27sec. later.

On the Green

THERE is perhaps no golfer, with the exception of Taylor, who may so confidently be relied upon to dispose of another a little below his own class as Mr. Hilton. Other brilliant players there are, capable of equally great



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THE WINNER AT THE CLUB-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

things, who are yet far more apt to play a game considerably below their best, and now and again to be beaten by an opponent who is not really "in the same street" with them. This is a case in which Mr. Hilton hardly ever finds himself. He is wonderfully accurate and mechanical, and only under the stress of very severe circumstances, or when he finds himself oppressed by the severe rivalry of Vardon or some player of the like tremendous power, does his game seem ever for a moment lost to him. These moralisings are suggested by the Irish Amateur Championship that was contested last week, in which Mr. Hilton added yet another to the list of championship honours that he has taken. That he won greater honour than was his before is not to be said. The Irish people are very anxious that a real championship, a British championship, whether professional or amateur, should be played in the Emerald Isle, where putting greens ought always to be green. They will have hard work to persuade the English and Scottish clubs to come across the Channel, we fear, although their zeal deserves to succeed. But the Westward Ho people, with their magnificent links, and their special claim by virtue of their venerable age—oldest of all English seaside links—have struggled often and in vain to have a championship played there. It has always been thought too far from the centre of things; and Ireland, across the sea, is certainly not exempt from the same, its only, failing. The Irish people, however, show in one particular a peculiar sense of what is fitting by passing a resolution that if either of the real championships is taken to their side of the water they will drop the word championship altogether out of the designation of the competition in which Mr. Hilton has just been victorious, and will call it, instead of Irish Championship, St. Patrick's trophy competition; or some like title that will indicate what is meant, while getting rid of that word championship, which is as blessed a word as ever was Mesopotamia, but is blessed only in its proper place, and ought to be banned out of every other, even as St. Patrick banned the snakes and the reptiles out of Ireland. There are too many championships, no doubt, and their multiplication detracts from the value of a championship title, or at least would so detract if the world took any note of championships other than the amateur and the open—we speak only of the British Isles, be it understood. It is a moment at which we can speak thus freely without offence, for every word that we say to the depreciation of the Irish champion is praise to the amateur champion (properly so called), and to-day these titles are both in the keeping of that pluralist of golfing honours, Mr. Hilton.

A competition that was "going forward," as the Scotch say, at the same time as the Irish championship was the tournament for the Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews. The handicapping was remarkably good in this, for the finish was a match that was decided at the last hole only, and by a single hole only, in favour of Mr. Skene, who beat Mr. Low, and so won the vase. It is always good handicapping that brings the best and the longer handicapped to an equality. Generally the best have a knack of winning; but Mr. Low was hard put to it, penalised as he was by two strokes, to meet an opponent like Mr. Skene, fully as long a driver as himself, who received six. The odds were heavier than even so good a short game player as Mr. Low could make up on the green and in approaches. The two who were placed farthest behind scratch, Mr. H. C. Ellis and Mr. Maxwell, were easily defeated, the former falling in the first round, and the latter failing badly in a later heat and suffering severe defeat. It is the way of the game.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your paper of July 14th is an extract from Miss Savory's book, "A Sportswoman in India," where, in comparing a chimpanzee with Australian aborigines, she speaks of the latter as without souls, their brutal instincts leaving upon us a grisly impression of bestial natures and deep degradation. One so often sees something of this kind from writers of recent years, but where do they get it from? Not from the old writers, explorers, etc., who, as with myself, knew them well in their strength and purely aboriginal condition; this might not apply to remnants of tribes near large settlements who had become debauched by contact with civilisation and had lost all their aboriginal purity, all that one

could so justly admire in their characters, in their primitive condition, as I knew them. I lived for years amongst them on the various inland rivers, where the tribes mustered in a big corroboree could number thousands. Of course, this is long back, but I knew them well, and a more fearful libel on human beings than these statements of Miss Savory and others of the present day could not be. Again where do they get it from? I could fill your whole paper in giving instances of how far from correct they are, and have often been tempted to reply upon this, as now, but as one gets on in years one dislikes the getting into print. I only try to do so now as a matter of conscience. I have so many pleasing recollections of them, and knew them as thoroughly as I do my own immediate neighbours now, of some thirty years' standing. Let me only add, please, that as we have pretty well improved this race off the face of the earth for our own material advantage, in justice we should hesitate to damn their characters on insufficient evidence.—W. K. BAKER.

PROPAGATING HEATHER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you could tell me if heather can be propagated from seed; if not, what would be the best way to get it to grow again on ground which has been originally heather, but has been killed by fir trees growing too close for years? These have been well thinned out, and where the heather had not been entirely killed it has improved very much, but there are many places where there is none. Of course lumps could be planted, but this takes a good deal of labour, and has an artificial appearance which I am anxious to avoid. A reply in your paper will oblige. Can you tell me where to get some of the Mediterranean and fancy heathers that were mentioned in your paper recently?—R. E. HORSFALL.

[Heather can be raised from seed, but you are not likely to meet with any great measure of success by sowing it on the vacant spaces referred to, as it is more than probable that very few seeds would germinate. The seed might be sown in pans or boxes of sandy peat, and placed in an ordinary garden frame. With this amount of protection the young plants will soon make their appearance, and when about 1 in. high they may be dibbled into a prepared bed of suitable soil in a sheltered spot out of doors. Then, when they have attained a height of 2 in. to 3 in., they can, in the spring, be dibbled into the bare places that you wish furnished. The young plants must be kept watered during the following summer, or many will perish. By planting them permanently when small enough for this operation to be done with a dibble a great deal of labour is saved, but still the soil must be broken up for the reception of the young plants. It should, however, be trodden firmly before planting. The choicer heathers can be obtained from any large nurseries where collections of hardy shrubs are grown, and Messrs. J. Smith and Sons, Darley Dale Nurseries, Matlock, make a speciality of them.—ED.]

THE CREAM SEPARATOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having read lately a good deal about dairies in your paper, I should feel very much obliged if you or any of your correspondents could help me with advice in selecting a cream separator. We have only a small dairy of five cows, so require only a hand separator which a dairymaid could work without difficulty. The late close weather has made keeping the milk for cream so difficult, and the results so poor, that I am sure a separator would be of great use.—M. E.

[You will never regret the purchase of a cream separator, which will pay for itself in a short space of time. Several are in the market, but we know of none better than the Alfa-Laval. An acquaintance of ours, whose dairy is just about the size of yours, bought one some time ago, and finds the result most satisfactory. The dairy is attended to by a girl of eighteen and her aunt. Either of them is able to turn the separator, and on enquiring of them they say the labour is quite light. It is the smallest, or "Baby," Alfa-Laval, and was purchased from the Dairy Supply Company, Limited.—ED.]

AQUATIC BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Near here is a large pond, almost a lake, in which dwells a motley population, consisting of more or less tame wild ducks, coots, water-hens, and dabchicks. There are occasional visitors, but these are the residents. Within two minutes of your appearance on the meadow sloping down to this pond all this life will have disappeared. The first to go are the dabchicks, because they can disappear on the spot; they dive, with a splash, and you never see them again, because they work along under water till they come to covert. Then the coots swim quietly and quickly into the nearest patch of reeds; the ducks go cruising round the pool till they come to a creek or the turn of an island or promontory out of your sight; and the water-hens go flipping along the surface of the water, leaving a long silvery line behind them. And so all are gone. No doubt these peculiarities are very well known to all field naturalists; but it is by the record of other people's observations that the young field naturalist learns to observe. We never begin to see things till we know what to look for.—H.

UNCERTAINTY OF BASIC SLAG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As an old user of basic slag, I would like to give a word of advice to farmers. I bought a quantity for several seasons, and in some cases it gave good results, but in the majority of cases I could see no result whatever. From my own experience, and that of some of my neighbours, I have learned that a good deal of basic slag which was sold last season turned out not only deficient

in phosphates, but was also very much below the guarantee of fineness, and it would be well for buyers to have their slag analysed. There is no doubt if the slag is not finely ground it is practically useless, and this of course may account in some way for its uncertain results. The Royal Agricultural Society of England issued a warning in this respect last year, so that farmers might be on their guard when purchasing basic slag and take steps to protect their interests. The basic slag is sold with a guarantee of minimum 38 per cent. phosphates, and a minimum of 85 per cent. fineness, and I would advise farmers to insist on getting this quality, and to satisfy themselves that it comes up to the analysis.—A PRACTICAL FARMER.

LILIUM AURATUM.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a *Lilium auratum* which I have bloomed this season. It produced thirty-four perfect flowers in one truss, and was evenly bloomed all round, but, of course, the photograph gives only one view.—W. L. HODGKINSON.



ACCLIMATISATION OF THE ORANGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—An interesting illustration of the adaptability of plant life to unusual conditions is to be seen in some parts of California, and notably in the neighbourhood of Fresno, in the acclimatisation of the orange. For a long while it was deemed impossible to grow the orange in this part of the State. In early winter mornings we were used to having frost down to ten degrees below freezing point. It was soon dispelled by the sun, but it was enough to kill the citrus trees when first imported. It lasted for some three weeks, say, as a maximum; no frost, of course, in the day, but in the early mornings before the sun came up. When they first got the orange trees there they managed to protect them by covering them with sacking and the like, and by degrees the trees grew more hardy, until now the young plants can be grown without any protection from the frost, and do well. The species principally grown is the Californian navel orange. I thought these facts might be of interest to the readers of your very pleasant journal.—CALIFORNIAN.

MAKING A MIXED BORDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have already derived so much information from your excellent paper that I am going again to ask for advice. This place, which we took two years ago, has been much neglected. I have been trying to get the herbaceous border in order, most unsuccessfully, so have determined to remake it. When is the best time to do this? It is very long, but only 3 ft. to 4 ft. wide, and I should much like to know what plants to put in. Should seeds be planted when I have had the ground turned up? What seems a great difficulty is to have the border always look nice, and a succession of flowers. I have either a great mass of bloom or an untidy wilderness. Could you give me some rough idea? Could bulbs be planted, and things between them, to come on afterwards, and what later things at the back would follow on each other? If you could give me just an outline of how to do this, I think it might also prove useful to others making a narrow herbaceous border of this sort. Would standard rose trees take too much goodness out of the soil, as I should like some of these? I think a border of pansies would look well. Is it possible to keep them in good order for long? Mine are splendid for six weeks, and then deteriorate. Thanking you again for answering my previous questions.—T. W. BARRITT.

[This is an important subject, and rather a large one to deal with in these correspondence columns, but we gave some time ago an account of how to make a mixed border. The following hints, however, may be useful to you and to others also. Autumn, at the end of September or in early October, is the time to begin, but if the ground is unoccupied start at once, and remember that a good foundation means a rich growth of plants afterwards. One does not want to dig up the border every year, as was the old plan, with the result that half the bulbs were chopped up and many beautiful things of less vigour than an artichoke suffered severely. A mixed border should be as well prepared as any other border, saving for vines or conservatory creepers, and if well made the border will last for years. You give no information as to where your long narrow border is; we hope not against a line of trees or near rows of hungry privet. Well prepare the ground to a depth of quite 2 ft., better if 3 ft., and incorporate with the soil if poor plenty of well-decayed manure. When the soil is shallow the result is that the plants soon "give out," as the gardener says. Good fibrous loam is the best soil, but, of course, it is not always possible to obtain this without incurring great expense. When the natural soil is light, mix with it leaf-mould and well-pulverised clay and cow manure. To heavy soil add road grit, coarse sand, or similar lightening materials, with quite light manure to counteract the unduly heavy nature of the ground. When we made our mixed border fresh manure was mixed with the lower spit of soil and well-decayed manure in the upper portion. A border made upon this plan will last for many years, and light mulchings every spring will maintain its fertility. With regard to the planting of the border, that is so much a matter of artistic perception as to the arrangement of colour. You say that your border is at one time a feast of flowers and then a wilderness. This is, of course, the result of planting things for one time only. The aim should be to secure a succession.

Avoid standard roses in a border, as they have quite a spotty look, and have bold groups of things to avoid "dotting." A very usual way is to put in certain plants at stated intervals, but of course the result of this is that one gets a kind of carpet bedding wherein the various ingredients are put out to form a certain pattern. The golden rules in making a border are: 1. Make it well. 2. Select the finest plants for successional display. 3. Avoid the "dot" plan. 4. Make good groups of each thing. 5. Never make a border slope, so to speak, from the back to the front, as is so often done. It is not easy to explain this in a note; but you should, for example, group a peony in the front of the border, then if, say, the flower is crimson let a mass of white pinks run back into the border. In this way a monotonous effect is avoided. Another mistake is to bring every dwarf plant to the front. We should certainly not plant a line of pansies, beautiful as these flowers are, as they are apt, as in your case, to suddenly cease flowering, especially when the weather has been so hot as of late. We do not care for a set edge, but one made up of plants breaking up the margin, here a peony, there an erigeron, and so forth, with dwarfier things in between. Bulbous flowers should enter largely into the composition of the border. In the autumn plant daffodils, *Horsfieldi*, and fine kinds like that yellow and creamy yellow flower, *Sir Watkin*, *Cynosure*, *poeticus ornatus*, the late narcissus or pheasant's eye, jonquils (near the front of the border), snowdrops, crocuses (groups of these are very bright), *Scilla sibirica*, *aubrietias*, *alyssums*, *Arabis albidia* (these three near the front of the border), leopard's bane (*Doronicum plantagineum excelsum*), *Campanula persicifolia alba grandiflora*, irises (German in particular, such as *Queen of May* and *Mme. Chereau*, *pallida dalmatica*, and *Darius*); lilies in variety, particularly a good group of the tiger lily and *Lilium speciosum* or *lancifolium*, *alstroemerias*, *Coreopsis grandiflora*, sea hollies (particularly *Eryngium alpinum* and *planum*), day lilies (in a shady part if there is one), *Gypsophila paniculata*, with its billowy masses of flower stems (near front of border), herbaceous phloxes, good groups of self colours, such as the vermillion *Coquelicot* and the white *Avalanche*; pentstemons (so bright and pretty in the autumn), Iceland poppies (*Papaver nudicaule* in variety, *Scabiosa caucasica*, *Tradescantia virginica*, cactus dahlias, particularly a fine scarlet like *Starfish*, *Oenothera Youngi* (near front), *Pyrethrum uliginosum* (the tall late moon daisy), *Helianthus rigidus* Miss Mellish, and the ordinary *multiflorus* (the former nearer the back of the border, as it is of tall vigorous growth); *Galtonia candicans*, hollyhocks, and the starworts (perennial asters). These vary in height. Make a good group or groups of *Aster amellus* and *A. acris* at the margin. These spread into charming masses and last for a long while; put the taller ones in the middle and back of border. There are many kinds, but we think most of *Novi Belgi*; *Purity*, white, 5 ft.; *Richard Parker*, lavender, 5 ft.; *Novae Angliae* William Bowman, rose-purple, late, tall; *L. arcturus*, deep purple, dark stems; *ericoides*, *punicus pulcherrimus*, and *diffusus horizontalis*. Also plant good groups of the noble May-flowering tulips, *Tulipa Gesneriana* (crimson), *T. retroflexa* (yellow), *macrospila* (rose carmine). Christmas roses in shady place, and good annuals, sweet peas, *Phacelia campanularia* (intense blue), in front. We hope these remarks will be helpful to you.—ED.]

ANOTHER ODD NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have seen illustrations in your paper of curious places selected by birds for building their nests in, but I think that the case I am about to relate is as curious and as bold as any. This robin's nest was built in some clogs hanging on my stable-yard wall; these clogs were in constant use except for three days, from

a Friday to the following Monday. On the Monday, one of the grooms on taking down the clogs to wash the dog-cart found a robin's nest in one. He hung the clogs up again and told me. I watched the clogs daily. Four eggs were laid and four robins were hatched out, and notwithstanding that horses and carriages are constantly in and out of the yard and that the clogs hung close to the gate where the grooms were passing all day long. I send you a photograph showing the clogs hanging on the wall, and a dog-cart and lifting-jack and stable-pail in the positions they were when the nest was discovered.—ALLEN H. P. STONEHAM.



ARE TENCH DESTRUCTIVE?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your article on tench has interested me much. I have just put 1,000 troutlet in a pond here (Malvern) where there are several tench; may I ask if you think they will destroy these young fish, and if it is to them I may attribute the destruction of several water-lily plants I put in last year?—E. LLOYD JONES.

[You need not have the least fear of the tench bothering the trout, for tench are perhaps the strictest vegetarians among fish that we know. The muddy conditions that tench love would not be the most desirable in the world for trout, but there is no other reason why they should not thrive together. On the other hand, if you have many tench, it is quite likely that they are injuring the water-lilies by sucking at the roots, after their manner. We should suggest pulling up a few roots to see whether they have been thus used.—ED.]